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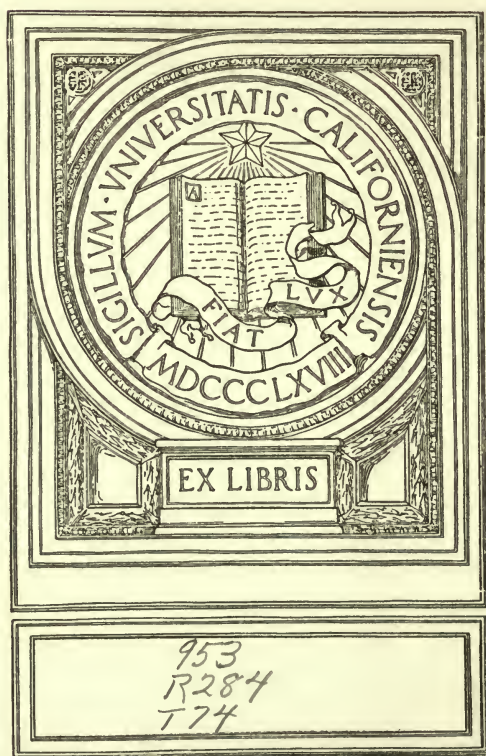


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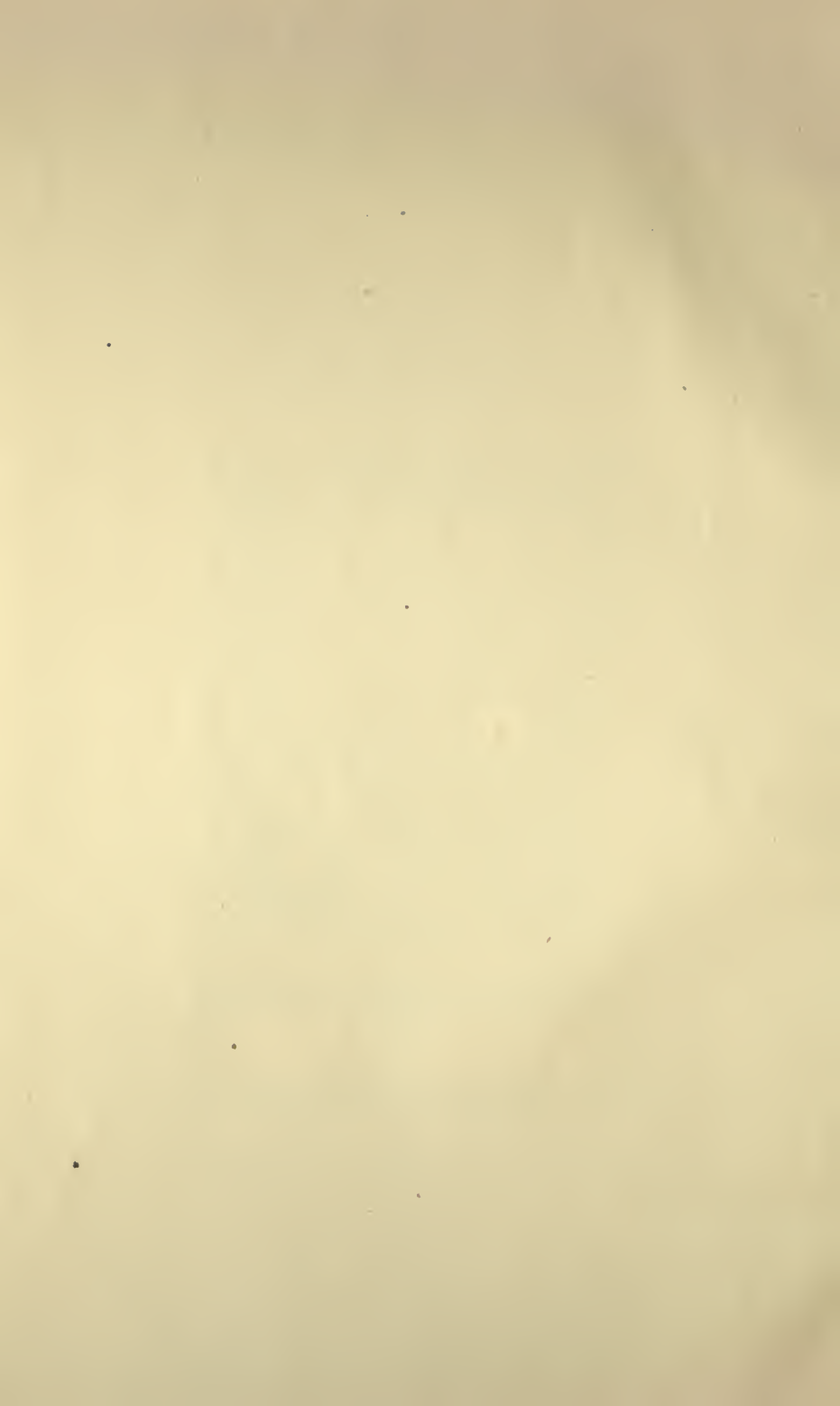
T. Buchanan Reag

To Col. Alex. K. M^cClure

With Compliments of Henry C. Townsend
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T. Buchanan Read

A MEMOIR

OF

T. BUCHANAN READ

BOOK OF
COLUMBIAN

Born March 12th, 1822

Died May 11th, 1872

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PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

PHILADELPHIA

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TO
HARRIET DENISON READ.

TO YOU, THE INTELLIGENT AND APPRECIATIVE CRITIC
OF HIS MASTERLY GENIUS IN ART AND POETRY, THE FAITHFUL AND
CONGENIAL WIFE, WHOSE LOVING CARE HAS PRESERVED
THE MATERIAL HERE COLLECTED, THIS BRIEF
AND INADEQUATE TRIBUTE
TO THE MEMORY OF YOUR GIFTED HUSBAND, IS DEDI-
CATED BY HIS AND YOUR FRIEND,
HENRY C. TOWNSEND

Philadelphia, July 23, 1889

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OBITUARY SKETCHES.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

(Originally written for and published in "The Evening Bulletin" of May 13, 1872, and subsequently revised for and contributed to "Smith and Cope's History of Chester County.")

This distinguished poet and painter, who achieved such distinction in two entirely distinct yet congenial fields of art, was born March 12th, 1822, in a modest farm-house situate in the Great Valley of Chester County, in what is now East Brandywine Township, near Downingtown, Penn., within the shadow of the blue hills of Uwchlan, where his youth was passed, and from the romantic scenery of which locality were derived those inspirations and accurate descriptions of nature which frequently appear in his poetry. His youth was passed among devout and pious people, members of the industrious, agricultural class, whose lives of purity and usefulness were devoted to labor and the discharge of domestic duties. The writer of this sketch has frequently heard him relate that his first knowledge of the Bible was derived from hearing it read aloud in the family circle, and he would refer to the lasting impression made upon his youthful mind by its beautiful imagery, and how, as he listened to the Scriptural narrative of the Saviour's ministry on earth, his boyish fancy would locate and associate all its incidents and events upon and with the hills and valleys which lay around him. At the early age of seventeen he was thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood, and in the year 1839 he commenced his career as an artist in the atelier of Clevenger, the sculptor, at Cincinnati. His tastes, however, soon led him into a more congenial field of art culture, that of painting, his skill and success in which soon attracted attention and obtained for him the favor and esteem of such distinguished patrons as Gen. Harrison, then a candidate for the Presidency; Major (subsequently General) Anderson, the distinguished and heroic defender of Fort Sumter; Nicholas Longworth and others. In 1841 he removed to Boston, and in its cultivated literary society his poetical talents were developed, first finding expression through the columns of the "Boston Courier." In his early literary career he received kindly and hearty encouragement from

Longfellow, with whom his relations were always intimate and cordial, and in his art studies he enjoyed the friendship and counsel of Alston as long as that great painter lived.

In 1846 he found a home in Philadelphia, where, by the force of his genius, his genial manners, wit and cultivated intellect, he widened the circle of his appreciating friends and admirers, and devoted his time industriously to his twin mistresses, poetry and painting. At this time appeared his first volume of poems (Boston, ed. of 1847), which manifested so much poetic power, and gave such promise of future excellence as to attract the favorable notice of the English critics. In a criticism of his poems from the pen of Leigh Hunt, in the "North British Review," his "Closing Scene" was pronounced worthy to stand beside "Gray's Elegy." In 1850 he made his first visit to Europe, spending some time in England, where he formed the acquaintance of her leading literary men and women, and subsequently reached Italy, where, dividing his time between Rome and Florence, he devoted himself diligently to the execution of the orders with which he had been intrusted by appreciating friends in Philadelphia and elsewhere. In 1852 he returned to the United States, and passed the winter in Cincinnati. In 1853 he again returned to Europe, accompanied by his family, consisting of his wife and two young daughters, and made a home in Florence, where he surrounded himself with all that could make life pleasant and attractive. He was by this time recognized as a brilliant poet and a successful artist, and he fully realized and enjoyed the rewards of his distinction. His life at this time was full of enjoyment, but its happiness was soon and suddenly changed into the deepest sorrow. A prevailing epidemic, severely fatal in character, swept away hundreds of the inhabitants of Florence, and among them his wife and youngest daughter, his darling "Lilian," well known to his intimate friends as "The light of his household."

It was during the mental depression produced by this profound domestic sorrow that, seeking refuge with his surviving daughter from the ravages of the pestilence, he repaired to the "Baths of Lucca," where in the course of a few days he wrote his remarkable poem, "The House by the Sea," which by some competent critics is regarded as the most original and imaginative of his works.

After recovering somewhat from the severe shock of this domestic affliction, he again returned to America, remaining here only a few months, and then revisited Europe, and was residing in Rome, busily engaged at his easel, when the rebellion of 1861 aroused his native land and stimulated all her patriotic sons to action in her behalf. Abandoning at once the attractions which surrounded him, and sacrificing the bright pecuniary prospects

before him, and realizing that every loyal son of America owed a solemn duty to his country in her hour of extreme peril, he hastily returned home, entered the military service as a volunteer, serving for a time in the field upon the staff of Gen. Lew Wallace, and, by his voice and pen in patriotic addresses and poems, gave hearty encouragement to his countrymen in the great work of saving the national life. In this heroic struggle none surpassed Read in patriotic ardor and devotion, Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan having all left upon record their hearty appreciation of the value of his services. His ode known as "The Patriot's Oath" and his more widely known and spirited lyric, "Sheridan's Ride," are forcible expressions of his devoted loyalty and intense hatred of treason. These and other patriotic poems, published separately or scattered through his larger works, such as "The New Pastoral" and "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies," frequently found eloquent expression in the forcible delivery of his friend Murdoch, with most beneficial results to the cause of the suffering soldier in camp or hospital. Sheridan's ride to Winchester, which converted a rebel success into a Union victory, and was so forcibly portrayed in undying verse, was no less immortalized by his genius in his spirited picture of that heroic act, the only instance on record, so far as is known to the writer, of a great historical event being preserved to posterity by the genius and skill of the same person in so grand a poem and so great a painting.

The distinguishing characteristics of Read's nature were purity of thought, refinement of feeling, gentleness of manner, generosity of disposition, geniality and unselfish devotion to others, and the possession of all those qualities that attract and attach friends. Tenderness of feeling and delicacy in treatment were marked traits in all his work, whether with the pen or the pencil. Gifted with an extraordinary genius, Read was unlike many other men thus favored. He relied for success not upon sudden, uncertain and spasmodic impulses, but was a faithful, diligent and conscientious worker by turns in the two distinct yet congenial fields of labor to which his talents were devoted, finding his only rest and recreation in the alternate use of his pen or pencil. As an artist his distinguishing features were originality and force in composition—the skill and grace with which the poetical creations of his pure and active imagination were placed upon the canvas. The same characteristics mark his genius in poetry. It may, without exaggeration, be said of him that his poems are pictures in their close fidelity to truth and nature, and his pictures are poems in the grace and beauty with which the faces and forms are outlined, and the harmony and effect with which his groups are combined.

Among some of his more important paintings, the greater

number of which have been executed for appreciating friends and still enrich their galleries, may be mentioned "The Embarcation of Cleopatra," "The Culprit Fay," "Excelsior," "Diana and Endymion," "The Woodland Bath," "Time Rescuing Proserpine," "The Fall of the Lost Pleiad," "Undine Rescued by the Knight," "The Ivory Carver," "The Spirit of the Age," "The Ascension of the Innocents," "Milton," "Dante," "The Spirit of the Waterfall," "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel."

The popular appreciation of Read as a poet and his industrious devotion to his pen are shown by the repeated editions of his writings called for by cultivated readers, and which were brought before the public by the following publishers and in the order named:

The Boston edition of a modest volume in 1847.

Lays and Ballads: Philadelphia, 1848.

Poems: London, by Delf & Trubner, illustrated by Kenny Meadows, 1852.

Poems: Philadelphia, by A. Hart, 1853.

Poems: Philadelphia, by A. Hart, illustrated, 1853.

The New Pastoral, Philadelphia, Parry & McMillan, 1855.

The House by the Sea: Philadelphia, Parry & McMillan, 1855.

Sylvia, or The Last Shepherd, Philadelphia, Parry & McMillan, 1857.

Rural Poems: London, Longman & Co., 1857.

Poems, complete edition in 2 vols: Boston, Ticknor & Fields, 1860.

The Wagoner of the Alleghenies, Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1863.

A Summer Story, and Other Poems: Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1865.

And the last complete edition in three volumes by J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia, 1868.

"Drifting," illustrated, 1881.

"Brushwood," 1882, illustrated.

"Christine," 1883, illustrated.

Lippincott's complete edition in one volume, 1883.

"The Closing Scene," illustrated, 1887.

Mr. Read was failing in health for some time before his decease. His delicate system received a shock in the autumn of 1871, from which he never recovered. While riding with Governor Ward, of New Jersey, to visit the Colosseum by night, the driver carelessly precipitated the carriage into an excavation by the roadside, from which Mr. Read was picked up insensible.

Although enfeebled by disease he worked diligently, imprudently, so far as his health was concerned, all through the long and sickly winter at Rome. But in the spring he felt an irresistible yearning to return to his native land, believing at times that it would be to die here. He left Rome in April, 1872, and sailed from Liverpool on the 20th. On board the steamer he was stricken down with pneumonia. By tender nursing he was enabled to reach New York, and was carried to the Astor House, on the 4th of May, where, surrounded by his devoted wife and kind friends, who were assiduous in their attentions, he breathed his last on the 11th May, 1872. Conscious of his approaching

end and relying upon the mercies of his Saviour, he met the great change from life to death with calmness and composure.

In the year 1856 Mr. Read married Harriet Denison Butler (a daughter of Mrs. C. H. B. Laing, of Brooklyn), whose cultivated literary and artistic tastes and amiable disposition made his married life a very happy one, and whose hearty appreciation of and warm sympathy in all his work stimulated and encouraged his labors in art and literature. She still survives him, but his three children (by his first marriage), two daughters and a son, died before him. As an appropriate close to this very inadequate tribute to the memory of his lifelong friend, the writer adds an extract from a familiar letter, written to him by Mr. Read but a short time before his decease, which will give his friends and admirers an insight into the inner life and character of this gifted child of genius, whose public utterances and works have given him so worldwide a reputation.

"Dusseldorf.—My Dear Friend: Just as I write that word friend ' it seems to strike upon my heart as on a golden bell, setting it into interminable vibrations. There are few words so beautiful, so comprehensive. It includes devotion, self-sacrifice, defence against all things, including calumny and misfortune, but, best of all, joy in another's joy, and exultation in his prosperity, this being in my mind the highest proof of friendship. It is easy to sympathize with misfortune—the heart full of envy and malice might even do that—but devoid of these must that beautiful soul be that can look upon a friend's success with gladness, having no other interest than that of pure enjoyment of his happiness.

"When I look abroad over the world I feel humbled—humbled before that High Benefactor, when I see how, all unworthy as I am, with what a host of just such devoted and disinterested friends as yourself I am blessed. I have never yet lost a friend. Some fancied ones may have dropped away from me. . . . But all this is not replying to your dear, kind, but too-long-neglected letter. You are not one to believe that silence on my part implies indifference. On the contrary, I no sooner got your letter informing me of your bereavement than I indited these verses on its back:

"Some stars there are with sudden glow
Burst in full brightness on the gaze,
And to the wondering world below
A little season stand and blaze,
Till, on their unknown orbits whirled,
Their disks with splendor overrun,
They turn their glory from the world,
Still gazing on their parent sun;
And so the infant form of grace
That beamed a while upon your sight,
She has but turned her angel face
To gaze upon her native light."

"Again, while writing you, an inspiration strikes me and moves itself in number thus:

"We nightly die ourselves to sleep,
Then wherefore fear we Death?
'Tis but a slumber still more deep
And undisturbed by breath.

"We daily waken to the light,
When morning walks her way;
Then wherefore doubt Death's longer night
Will bring a brighter day?

"You see how deeply (in spite of silence) your heart of sorrow has poured itself into my own, making it to overflow in such melody as is native to it. Now let me show you how, the other day, on the anniversary of my darling Lily's departure, I sang with a joyful sorrow. You see the poetry in these two words:

"MY LILY ON THE VIRGIN'S BOSOM.

"The sun was white in all the streets of Florence,
The splendor burned upon the bridge and river;
While Fate rained down her pestilence in torrents
Bereaving me forever:

"Nay, not forever; on the Virgin's bosom
I see the emblem of my sainted daughter;
She holds my Lily in perpetual bloom;
I find her where I sought her.

"Close to her heart, with all a mother's patience,
She bears my flower, enticing me to meet her:
Dear Virgin, at thy Son's appointed stations,
I kneel and kneel and climb, that I at last may greet her.

"There, having placed these flowers upon your altar, draped in crape and white, and while the angels are still chanting a requiem in the choir, I reverently withdraw beyond the chapel door, bearing away with me a sense of benediction. I want to tell you now and solemnly that a deep sense of my duty to my God, as well as to my fellow-man, has gradually been descending upon me: and it is to me a source of infinite pleasure that I can look back upon all the poetry I have ever written and find it contains no line breathing a doubt upon the Blessed Trinity and the great redemption of man. When I have written my verses I have been alone with my own soul and with God, and not only dared not lie, but the inspiration of the truth was to me so beautiful that no unworthy thought ever dared obtrude itself upon the page. This was entirely owing to the goodness of God, who saw what was to be, and saved me from subsequent mortification and regret.

"Yours affectionately,
"T. BUCHANAN READ."

The writer of this sketch, between whom and this gifted son of genius there existed from youth until his death a warm personal friendship, is, as well from that circumstance as from inexperience in that difficult field of literary culture, quite incapable of expressing a fitting, just and proper estimate of Read's exact position in the literary and artistic world. Instead, therefore, of giving any opinions of his own, colored as they would necessarily be by the bias of strong personal attachment, he prefers to adopt the disinterested and more intelligent views of others (more competent from long experience and uninfluenced by personal association) in the subjoined extracts from many articles of a similar kind which have been preserved by him in the manuscript copies in Read's own neat handwriting, of many of his more important poems now in the writer's possession. As one of the best, if not the very best modes of conveying to others who did not enjoy the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the subject of this sketch, a better knowledge of his character, the writer also appends extracts from a large number of familiar letters to him and others from 1850 to 1872, covering over twenty years of his active, intellectual life, written in the full confidence of an intimate friendship, in which the genial nature of the man, the poet and the painter, his generosity, industrious devotion to his artistic and literary work, his wit and genius are fully displayed in the artless, free and unconstrained style which marks the correspondence between trusting and confidential friends.

HENRY C. TOWNSEND.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

BY MRS. C. H. B. LAING.

On the evening of May 11th, 1872, a soul passed gently through the celestial gates; and even while weeping friends gathered around the dying bed, watching that peaceful countenance, yet trembling for the last painful struggle, softly the angels led him to that fairer world,

“To begin the great Life that no Death can o’ertake.”

There was a sound of lamentation throughout the land when it was known that T. Buchanan Read, the poet-artist of America,

had but reached his native shores to die. And when the sad tidings flashed across the Atlantic that this gifted man had passed from earth, England renewed that tribute to the dead which she ever awarded him while living; and Rome, the adopted city of his heart, mourned that the remains of one so esteemed for his many virtues and deeds of kindness, so admired for his genius, could not rest with the kindred dust of England's illustrious poets, Shelley and Keats, in that peaceful spot set apart for the Protestant dead in that old, old city, whose very dust is but the disintegrated mould of dead empires, and where, amid the cypress and the elms, and under the covering of violets and netting myrtle, so many of America's loved ones are sleeping. The poet himself thus sang, and the lines were inscribed upon the walls of his studio in Rome:

"It matters little where our dust is laid;
But if there be a choice beneath the dome
Of Heaven's high temple, lay me in the shade
Of cypress boughs which guard the dead in Rome.

"And yet I love my country none the less;
My faith fulfils her prophet's grandest dream;
And when Death woos me to his cold caress,
My hovering soul shall watch her course supreme."

But, thanks to the Divine will, all that was mortal of this gifted poet and painter rests in the beautiful groves of Laurel Hill, in his own native State; while the immortal, bursting from the precious clay, shall still weave those sweet songs which charmed the world, and, soaring higher and higher in its ethereal home, join at length with the songs of angels around the throne of God!

Mr. Read was born March 12th, 1822, in the county of Chester, Pennsylvania. There he passed his childhood, unconsciously acquiring that deep love of Nature which is so sweetly embodied in the "New Pastoral," and in many other minor poems. The thoughtful child caught inspiration from the pleasant scenes of rural life by which he was surrounded in that quiet valley-home, and which, as he grew older, burst forth in songs, set to the "unwritten music" of woods and streams. Said he:

"Here my young muse first learned to love and dream;
To love the simplest blossom by the road—
To dream such dreams as will not come again:
And for one hour of that unlettered time—
One hour of that wild music in the heart.
When fancy, like the swallow's aimless wing,
Flitted eccentric through all woods of Nature,
I would exchange, thrice told, this weary day."

The death of his father caused a breaking up of the family; and Thomas, then a mere lad, accompanied a favorite married

sister to the then far West, where the life of the child foreshadowed the man in untiring energy and indomitable perseverance to conquer the difficulties in his path. At the early age of fifteen, young Read, putting from him all dependence upon the means of others, stood forth alone to the battle of life.

In 1839, we find him in the atelier of Clevenger, the sculptor. Here he studied with commendable success; but already the twin gifts of genius—Painting and Poetry—which in after years won for him so enviable a fame, moved him to a different field of art. Abandoning sculpture he now devoted himself to painting. His fidelity to the subject in hand and the skill with which he wielded the pencil soon attracted observation, and brought him many friends and patrons. General Harrison, then a candidate for the Presidency, was one of the first to acknowledge the powers of the young painter. The portrait of the future President was a perfect success.

In 1841, leaving the West, Mr. Read removed to Boston, and here commenced that career which soon placed his name high in the ranks of genius. Washington Alston, charmed with the native talents and modesty of the young artist, entered into the most friendly relations with him, aiding him with his counsel, and encouraging his labors. In after life, it was the pride and pleasure of Mr. Read to refer to those days of delightful intercourse with the gifted Alston.

Of winning address and possessing rare powers of conversation, young Read soon became a favorite in the literary circles of Boston. It was at this time he made his first appearance as a poet. He published at brief intervals many charming lyrics in the "Boston Courier," which were received by the public with a favor most flattering to their author, and attracted the congenial sympathy of Professor H. W. Longfellow. A friendship was cemented between them which continued unbroken so long as life stirred the heart of the lamented poet-artist. In his opening "Poems in Italy," he thus apostrophizes his friend:

"O thou, the laureate of our Western realms,
Singing at will beneath your Cambridge elms,
Charming that sacred mansion where the grand
Paternal Cincinnatus of our land
Dwells, a majestic shadow, more than king,
Who, staidly smiling, hearkens while you sing."

The charming group of Mr. Longfellow's three children, painted by Mr. Read under the name of "The Morning Glories," is well known from copies and photographs.

In 1847 Mr. Read issued his first volume of poems, containing some of the most beautiful gems ever penned.

His second volume appeared, entitled "Lays and
Rhymes which
Freedom float

In 1850, Mr. Read, for the first time, left his native land, and proceeded to Italy, where his hopes and aspirations for the beautiful were to be crowned with success, and that fond dream which woos Genius to her classic shores to be more than realized. He made some stay in England, where the high reputation which his poems had already gained brought him in contact with some of the most gifted men in Britain.

In 1852 an illustrated edition of his poems was published in London, meeting with a most favorable reception from the English reviewers, the "Athenæum" and other leading periodicals uniting in their tribute to the American poet.

In 1857, a volume entitled "Rural Poems" was issued from the press of the Longmans. This also met with favor. Of this collection one of the London periodicals gives an extended review, from which we quote the following:

"It would scarcely be thought that under a title so humble and unpretending as "Rural Poems" there should be found a virgin vein of such true golden ore as has been opened to us in these pages. Thoughts both lofty and heroic, an imagery at once noble, masculine and beautiful, are interwoven with a diction singularly sweet, and accompanied by a rhythm as felicitous as that of Coleridge. The 'Sculptor's Funeral' is a fragment worthy of Tennyson."

Again we read of this selection and their author:

"Buchanan Read, the poet-painter, passed through Paris last Saturday on his way to Rome. A selection of his shorter miscellaneous poems has recently been published in London, containing among others the 'Iceberg,' of which Thackeray once said he esteemed it among the first of modern ballads; and 'Midnight,' of which Walter Savage Landor wrote to a brother poet:

'In Read's "Midnight," America steals a march on us. I opened the book there, and shall not close it again until I have gone through with it.'

While in England, Mr. Read painted the portraits of several distinguished men. Among them were Thackeray, Robert Browning and George Peabody.

In 1855 appeared that exquisite epic, the "New Pastoral"—the perfect embodiment of pastoral life—in which, with a pen true to nature, he has given the most charming pictures of rural scenes. In the year following was published "The House by the Sea." It was written at the Baths of Lucca, in a season of deep sorrow, and dedicated to his firm friend, Hiram Powers.

The paintings and poems of Mr. Read came from his hand in rapid succession. The pen and the pencil wrought so harmoniously that, in the words of Hawthorne, his pictures were poems, his poems, pictures. The charming conception of "The Apotheosis of the Innocents," "The Culprit Fay," and

illustrating Mr. Longfellow's poem, and many others, appeared almost simultaneously with his poems, attesting more than words not only his passion for those God-like attributes of genius, but the industry which gave them to the world.

When the storm of rebellion burst over the land of his birth, Mr. Read was residing in Rome. Moved by the dangers which threatened the Union, with a God-given inspiration he seized the pen and wrote his patriotic poem, "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies." He went back to the heroic deeds of '76 for his theme, thereby to fire the hearts of his countrymen with the same ardor to preserve invincible that Union for which their fathers had so bravely struggled and so nobly won.

No selfish motive could detain him in Rome. Giving up the pleasant and congenial life he was leading, and the emoluments of his well-earned fame, the earnest patriot relinquished all and returned to America, not to the peaceful land which he had left some three years previous, but to a scene of frightful strife and bloodshed.

Delaying the publication of his poem he placed the MSS. in the hands of Mr. Murdoch, the eminent tragedian.

Selections were made from its spirited pages, and were first read by Mr. Murdoch in the Academy of Music, Cincinnati, for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. The effect upon the audience was electrical; cheer after cheer, the clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs evinced their appreciation. Mr. Read was loudly called for, but not until after repeated summons did the author modestly make his appearance in the stage-box. It is needless to repeat with what enthusiasm the patriotic poem of "The Wagoner" was received throughout the land. The most sanguine expectations of its author were more than realized; slumbering energies were aroused, and active efforts strengthened, and the souls of the patriot dead breathed again in their children. These are no idle words, for it is well known that in several instances where an apathetic spirit brooded over a community the thrilling words of Mr. Read awoke them from their ignoble repose, rekindled the fire of patriotism, and sent them forth to conquer or die.

Even this success did not satisfy the patriot poet. He himself took the field, and served upon the staff of Generals Wallace and Rosecrans, and while thus engaged in active duty threw off from his fiery pen many of those war lyrics which will live as long as language lasts. During those days of bitter trial they became as household words, and will be henceforth held *in memoriam indelibilem!* Who has not felt his heart thrill at the war-like numbers of "Sheridan's Ride," that spirited poem, striking a chord which still vibrates over the land wherever the flag of Freedom floats? Though oft repeated, yet it never palls upon

the senses, but is as fresh as when the poet dashed off those inspiring lines at the news of Early's defeat. Mr. Read's painting of the gallant Phil. Sheridan illustrative of the poem has called forth a tribute of universal praise.

The following incident may bear repetition in this, our meed to the departed:

In 1863 Mr. Murdoch was making the round of the Union, giving a series of readings calculated to keep alive the flame of patriotism. The selections were chosen from different authors, but especially from the writings of T. Buchanan Read. When in Washington, the lamented Lincoln was present at these readings, which were given in the Senate Chamber. Upon the first occasion he listened with great interest to Mr. Murdoch's rendering of various scenes from "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies," and other poems.

The entertainment closed with the recital of "The Oath," which the President warmly applauded:

"In this moment, who hesitates barters
The rights which his forefathers won;
He forfeits all claim to the charters
Transmitted from sire to son.
Kneel, kneel at the graves of our martyrs,
And swear on your sword and your gun;
Lay up your great oath on an altar
As huge and as strong as stone-henge,
And then, with sword, fire and halter,
Sweep down on the field of revenge.
Swear!
And hark! the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying:
Swear, O swear!"

The next evening saw Mr. Lincoln again in the Senate Chamber. The recitations were varied, and "The Oath" was omitted from the list. At the conclusion of the reading, the President sent up a request to Mr. Murdoch that he would read "The Swear," meaning the "Oath," to which Mr. Murdoch replied that he would be most happy to do so, but had not the verses with him, and dared not trust to his memory.

"Oh, that is easily remedied," said the President, "for I have 'The Swear,' in my pocket;" and opening his memorandum book, Mr. Lincoln drew forth the lines, and sent them up to the tragedian by Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President.

This compliment from so great and good a man gave Mr. Read more true heartfelt pleasure than all the celebrity which his patriotic lyrics had achieved. His earnest and faithful devotion to the cause of freedom won for him hosts of friends among the brave defenders of the Union, both on land and sea, friendships which were never dissolved, but followed him in manly tenderness and sorrow even to the chamber of death.

In 1867 Mr. Read again took up his residence in Rome. His life was one of close application to his favorite pursuits, scarcely allowing himself that rest and recreation which his health required. All through the hot summer months, for a period of nearly five years, he worked on assiduously. The orders which poured in upon him during the winter had to be met, and day after day saw the indefatigable artist at his studio, cheered by the companionship of Mrs. Read, who as constantly took her way to the "Via Margutta," reading aloud from some favorite author as the artist sat before the easel; while from the canvas sprang forth, at his magic touch, forms of ethereal loveliness. It was in such seasons of inspirations that "The Star of Bethlehem," "The Christmas Hymn," "The Three Marys at the Sepulchre," and the fine conception of "Abou ben Adhem" were added to the number of Mr. Read's former creations, not less lovely, as "The Spirit of the Waterfall," "The Pleiades," and many others which might be named, now in private galleries, both at home and abroad. And aside from these poetic conceptions, there were portraits to be dealt with; and of these his studio formed at all times a collection of distinguished men and women, though not always the same; they moved off to their trans-Atlantic homes, and gave place to others. Strangers who have visited Rome will recall with pleasure the fine portrait of the noble old Cardinal Pentine and also the charming full length of the ex-Queen of Naples, painted by Mr. Read.

There were times when the muse urged her claims—when, with that ease and grace so characteristic of his poetry, Mr. Read threw off charming little poems as the occasion pointed. And not to these fugitive gems alone did the Goddess of poesy confine his flights. It is known that he had for some years been engaged, as his leisure and inclination prompted, upon a more elaborate poem than had marked his previous successes. Two or three cantos only were completed when Death closed the book, and set his seal upon those sweet and holy thoughts.

In all the amenities of social life there are few so gifted as was Buchanan Read. Courtesy and kindness marked his daily life. His dwelling was the centre of hospitality; friends and strangers were alike made welcome, and strangers became fast friends.

Many there are who have tarried in old Rome, who will attest with lingering regret and pride to the pleasant hours which flew all too swiftly beneath the roof of this princely host. In conversation his words fell pleasantly upon the ear. Without any apparent effort he at once enchained your attention. His wit was never-ceasing. His repartees flashed brilliant and instantaneous. His puns were irrepressible; they were spoken with a ready grace and fluency unequalled. It was only a few mornings before he breathed his last that a dear friend sitting

by his bedside held his wasted hand. Upon one finger was a beautiful cameo ring.

"Ah, I see you have a head of Shakspeare," said she, as she examined the well-cut features of the bard.

"Yes," he answered feebly; "it is the only way I could get a-head of him!"

Occasionally at those social gatherings which have done so much to make a residence in Rome pleasant to foreign visitors, Mr. Read at the request of his friends would recite his favorite "Drifting," or other poems as named by his delighted listeners, giving to them that true spirit of their author, which no other reader could so well define.

In reciting "Drifting" one evening Mr. Read improvised a new stanza, placing it between the second and third verses of that liquid poem:

"In lofty lines
'Mid palms and pines
And olives, aloes, elms and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings."

These lines have never before been published.

Another evening, two American clergymen, returning from the Holy Land, were the guests. Again Mr. Read was called upon for a poem. He selected "Brushwood." As he proceeded one of the reverend gentlemen appeared much agitated, and soon the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks, for he had recently buried a beloved child. As the last lines fell from the lips of Mr. Read, he seized his hand, exclaiming:

"I will read that poem from my pulpit if God spares me to reach my native land! It will do more good than a sermon."

"But do you think, Brother W——, that you can give it the true ring of our gifted host?" asked his friend.

"I will give it with my heart in every line!" was the emphatic reply.

Soon after Pius IX. ceased to reign as "Temporal Sovereign" of the Eternal City, and the flag of United Italy floated from the Capitol, and from the Castle of St. Angelo, Prince Humbert, the son of King Victor Emmanuel, came with his beautiful young wife, the fair Princess Marguerite, to reside at the Palace of the Quirinal. Fame had already made the American poet known to the Prince, and desiring to form a personal acquaintance with Mr. Read he signified, through a special messenger, his intention of calling at his studio.

He came, attended with several members of his court. Mr. Read received him with that ease and simplicity of manner which so distinguished him. Passing from one to the other

of the many charming creations of the artist's fancy which were scattered through the suite of rooms, the Prince expressed himself in the warmest terms of admiration, stopping again and again before "The Star of Bethlehem," irradiated by the glory of the angel appearing to the shepherds upon the plains of Bethlehem; or pausing to admire anew the ethereal loveliness of the "Pleiades." In one of the smaller rooms his eye at once detected a bust of Sheridan, the work of Mr. Read himself, whose early predilection for sculpture now and then moved this versatile genius to try his "cunning hand."

"Ah!" cried the Prince, in Italian, "that is the great General Americano—Sheridan. I know him; I saw him in Florence. Ah, it is very good—it is excellent! Will you tell me, Signor Read, the name of the artist?"

When Mr. Read, smiling, named himself in reply, the Prince caught his hand exclaiming:

"A poet—a painter—a sculptor! Ah, gentlemen (to those around him), "I find we have a Michael Angelo in Signore Read."

Perhaps this was one of the most graceful compliments ever bestowed upon genius.

From this time Prince Humbert was constant in his attentions to Mr. Read, and shortly after this visit to his studio the artist-poet was invited to dine at the Quirinal Palace. The Princess Marguerite, with two of her ladies of honor, was present. Said the charming Princess, as Mr. Read was presented by the Prince, at the same time extending her hand:

"Ah, Signore Read, the Prince has the 'Star of Bethlehem' and the 'Pleiades' in photograph upon each side his dressing glass, that he may see them the first thing in the morning; but I, Signore, have appropriated your beautiful poems to myself, for the Prince cannot read your language, and I translate your sweet thoughts to him."

Mr. Read was highly esteemed by many of the most strenuous adherents of Pius IX., although his faith in the cause of religious freedom was well known to them; and among his most agreeable associates, men of high culture and refinement, and who often joined the social circle, were those who held important positions in the Vatican court. He rejoiced in the future of Italy. Hear his own words in his welcoming poem to Victor Emmanuel. At the fifth stanza he says:

"Italia through her hundred roads
Is marching into Rome;
She comes not as a conqueror,
But exile, welcomed home.

"For her the grand old mother
With new gladness wakes and thrills,
She garlands all her gateways,
And arrays her storied hills.

"The Palatine its laurel waves,
The Cælian spreads its oak,
While, with a shout, the Capitol
Throws down its ancient yoke.

"The Aventine o'er Tiber shakes
Its ivy banners free,
And the pines on high Janiculum
Look gladly to the sea.

"The garden on the Esquiline
A sweeter perfume flings,
And the steeds* upon the Quirinal
Leap up as they had wings."

And again, at the close of the poem, the author thus prophesies the grand future:

"At once behold brown Industry
Assails the fallow plain;
The factories wake, and commerce spreads
Her wings upon the main.

"Behind its bars the press no more
Is doomed to bow and cringe;
The gate of old Intolerance
Swings on its rusty hinge.

"And Art, no longer forced to serve
At Superstition's shrine,
Brings forth a new-born retinue
To swell her royal line.

"Religion, rising from the dark,
Her chains to earth has hurled,
And simple Truth and Liberty
Untrammelled walk the world.

"*Viva! Viva! Italia!*
Her Union spreads abroad.
The invincible light of Freedom
In the infallible light of God!"

The following extract is from a letter written to a cherished friend in Philadelphia, H. C. T. The letter has been published entire in the pages of the "Evening Bulletin" since the death of Mr. Read. This shows the man:

"I want to tell you now and solemnly that a deep sense of my duty to my God, as well as to my fellow-man, has gradually been descending upon me. And it is to me a source of infinite pleasure that I can look back upon all the poetry I have ever written and find it contains no line breathing a doubt upon the Blessed Trinity and the great redemption of man. When I have written my verses I have been alone with my own soul and with God, and

* The celebrated equestrian group upon the Quirinal Hill, said to be the work of Phidias.

not only dared not lie, but the inspiration of the truth was to me so beautiful that no unworthy thought ever dared obtrude itself upon the page. This was entirely owing to the goodness of God, who saw what was to be, and saved me from subsequent mortification and regret."

Said he to one who watched his dying bed, "Am I in the garden now?" Perhaps he already caught visions of that fairer land to which he was so rapidly hastening and saw the "green pastures beside the still waters" inviting him to rest from his labors. Cleared from the film of death, his eyes might, even at that moment, have looked upon the never-fading flowers of Paradise!

In death—call it not death, but an entrance into a higher life—his features wore that calm repose foreshadowed in his own beautiful lines:

"We nightly *die* ourselves to sleep,
 Then wherefore fear we death?
 'Tis but a slumber still more deep
 And undisturbed by breath.
 We daily waken to the light,
 When morning walks her way;
 Then wherefore doubt death's longer night
 Will bring a brighter day?"

MONODY.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ,

Died May 11th, 1872.

By GEORGE H. BOKER

While all around me from their leafy homes
 The nightingales are welcoming the moon
 Yet dim against the sunlight as she hangs
 Above the hilly Bosphorus—in an hour,
 Sure of her triumph, when the stars shall hold
 Their nightly synod round her silver throne,
 And her cool empire, swallowing evening up,
 Shall spread its boundaries from coast to coast—
 Here sit I still, half happy, half ashamed
 Of such content within so sad a world,
 Musing while changes of the tinted light
 That floods the hilltops with a tender haze
 Of golden purple and of golden green
 Make the far Asian lands appear the skirts
 And blazing outposts girding Paradise.

Again the Nightingale ! Persistent bird,
 Why art thou jealous of my happiness ?
 Is it not better that my backward eyes
 Should follow still in Io's milky wake
 Stung through the waters by the flying scourge ?
 Or trace the shining way which Argo clove
 With lusty Jason and his daring crew
 Straight to the Euxine, where, far leagues away,
 Fronting the North and butting all the waves,
 Stand bull-browed, sullen, the defiant rocks
 Symplegades, as old as fable is,
 That tossed poor Argo on their stony horns
 And gored the timbers of her gilded stern
 Until she groaned ? O path of glory old !—
 The later Grael prefigured by the Fleece,
 Whose splendor touches yet the storied waves,
 As clings and glitters on their foamy tops
 The golden furrow of the setting sun !

Once more, once more, that sorrowful strong lay
 Of triumph, climbing up, by hard degrees
 Of fiery human passion, to the verge
 Of actual mastery over death, decay,
 Oblivion and all our mortal state !
 Art thou a soul that knoweth more than we,
 Perched in clear visions of a farther life,
 Prophet and comforter ? or but a tuft
 Of dusky feathers, but an instrument
 Blown on by chance, suggesting to my ear
 Out of the wealth of my informing brain
 More things and higher than to thee are known ?
 I cannot say. The cause if real or false
 Dies in the birth of the supreme effect;
 And I to that am slave; and I to that
 Yield up my soul, and traveling watery leagues
 Fall with the burden of my weary heart
 Prone on my shores, and kiss the bitter earth
 And the fresh grasses and the little flowers
 Just peeping up to meet belated spring.
 In vain I listen. Motherland ! oh, say,
 Say to me, stricken with bewildering grief,
 Where is our Nightingale, that erewhile made
 Thy brakes, thy copse and thy shady groves
 Ring with his warblings ? Couldst thou do no more,
 In way of welcome, than to dig a grave,
 Where the slow river skirts the camp of death,
 For him, thy child, who sought thee from afar,

Filled with the love he ever bore to thee ?
 Yea, the least thing of thine—a wayside plot,
 A field of wheat, a mossy wood, a vale
 Humble and hidden, the great clasping sky
 That held thee fair within its pure embrace—
 He loved them all, and gave them dignity,
 Filled them with forms and living legendary,
 And made them travel on the wings of song
 Into the homes of strange and foreign men
 Who ne'er with bodily eyes might look on thee.
 Ah ! what a boon, what solace to his heart
 It might have been, if with his dying eyes
 He could have seen the sunset of his life
 Fade out behind the green, long rolling slopes
 And pine-clad summits of his native hills;
 Have heard the robin whistling in the bush
 Beside some homestead of his native State;
 Have smelt the odors of his native flowers
 Come in like friends to wait about his bed;
 Have drawn his last breath from his native air,
 And felt, as sense departed, all around
 His childhood's peace come back to him again.
 Instead of dying, as an alien might,
 In that half-foreign city, where the howl
 Of trade is endless, and the devil's feast
 Of gold is spread before neglected Heaven
 From weary morning until wearier eve !
 "Sweet are your kisses, O Beloved, to me !"
 These were the words that, as a votive flame,
 Lighted the crumbling altar of his life
 For final sacrifice. Thrice sacred words !
 With them a spirit fled whose every act
 Was vowed to love—to universal love—
 The law and issue of his gentle life,
 The last reward and comfort of the hour
 When to his mortal vision less and less
 Grew the receding pageant of the world,
 And, half in heaven, his lingering soul reached back
 And groped to feel the touch of human love;
 Steadied his faith on that, and, rising, took
 The scarcely brighter amaranthine crown.

But I become as weak as grief may be,
 Astray in empty fancies, all unmanned,
 And lose my footing on the stable earth,
 And lose the use of temperate sense, by this,
 This too illusive dreaming. For the hills

Of ancient Asia through my trembling tears
Glimmer like fabrics desolate and false,
Evoked by glamour; and the Nightingales
Cry in derision, "Woe, forever woe !—
Woe without cure within this spectral world !—
This dream within a dream, this house of sand,
This whirling vapor, oh so madly called
'Reality,' where nothing real can be,
And change, change only, and its troop of griefs
Are native dwellers ! Mere intruders we,
The toys of something, one calls Chance, one Fate,
Knowing but this, at speculation's end,
That we are moulded dust in Nature's hands,
Helpless to rule the whims of destiny,
But somehow pregnant with a consciousness
That says but this: you are, you feel, you love,
You send love voyaging in pursuit of joy;
But Death, not Love, is winner of the prize,
And you, oh common fate ! are miserable !"

Just then, while fancy truckled to despair,
Lo ! there swept by me from the misty South
An antique vision—Argo and her crew.
Around, behind the mystic ship, the sea,
Beneath the fury of her fifty oars,
Boiled, foamed and bubbled, and the lifted blades
In rhythmic cadence shot a silver shower
Of spray behind them, as the vocal prow
Tore through the water, urged by demigods
Laboring like slaves, bare-browed, bedewed with sweat,
But hero-hearted, at their rugged work.
Bold Jason, flaming in his brazen mail,
Stood at the quarter, and his youthful eyes
Consumed the distance, glorious with hope.
His crisping ringlets from his golden helm
Burst in a torrent round his ruling brow;
His curved nose and firm, defiant mouth
Predicted victory, and his manly bulk
Swelled and was radiant with lusty youth
And will unconquerable. I saw the Fleece
Glowing before him through its woolly gold:
So strong the purpose of his ardent soul
Was painted in his face, so resolute,
His total mind was fixed on one result
Seen by his faith, as though his object stood
A guiding star before him. So I cried
Out of my rallying manhood, "Oh for me,

Dear God, for me a purpose such as this !—
 Something to live, to labor and to die—
 Best aim of all—to die for ! falling prone,
 With the pursuit just won, or haply lost—
 What matter which if by so little lost ?
 Oh for a vital fable in these days
 Of little faith, of unheroic life
 Smoothed to a level ! oh but for the Fleece !
 Or better, Master, for the Holy Grael ! ”

MONODY.

INSCRIBED TO THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

By STOCKTON BATES.

An humble singer, I within the poet choir
 Have often hushed my own unnoticed song,
 To hearken to the music of a sweeter lyre,
 Invoked by one more skilful in the throng,
 And then have softly struck again the sounding string
 As one might weep because of others' sorrowing.

When poets died, whose fame the lauding world had sung,
 A hundred choristers caught up the strain ;
 The echo, answering unto distant echo, rang
 Unto the confines of the poet fane.
 The “In Memoriam,” the solemn dirge, the chant
 Of fellow-singers I have heard, and felt my want.

The want of tongue and touch, an equal power to lend
 Unto my song, and mutely I have stood
 Praying that on my lips the fiery coal descend
 To give my soul the utterance it would ;
 For I have known the rapture of poetic thought,
 And in my dreams have sung it as I ought.

When thy bright spirit left its clog of mortal clay,
 Almost ere thou hadst touched the fringed brim
 Of thine own land—when thy poor dust was laid away—
 Oh ! then I longed to sing thy requiem ;
 Yet grief and fear of my poor skill would aye retard
 My votive song to thee, thou doubly gifted bard.

I felt I must not touch a feeble note, to dim
 The glory of thine own poetic words,
 But wait, that I might listen to the sad, sad hymn
 Attuned to soft impassioned minor chords,
 That worthier ones would to thy memory indite,
 For not to me had come the solemn summons—write.

Yet I have waited long, and hearkened, but in vain ;
 No tuneful threnody from pen inspired
 Enshrines thy memory ; and I have felt the pain
 Of thy neglect. Hadst thou mere fame desired
 Or bought thy votaries, or courted public gaze,
 Thou hadst not wanted those to yield thee empty praise.

But, coy as thine own muse, thou didst prefer to dwell
 Apart from pageantries, and thou didst shun
 The thronged ways of men. Thy songs were wont to tell
 Of sylvan scenes, of shadow and of sun,
 Of "Wayside Spring" or shepherd with his reedy flute :
 Thy notes were sweet and pure as soft Italian lute.

So I have sung unto my own sad soul my grief
 In wordless undertone, until it seemed
 My heart must break for lack of words to give relief.
 I, in my silent agony, have deemed
 That if mine eyes had tears and if my thought had speech
 To weep or sing might yield the peace my soul would reach.

As comes 'an unexpected answer unto prayer,
 Our feeble faith with doubt acknowledging,
 This burden of my grief I thought too hard to bear
 Has lost itself within the song I sing ;
 And if, perchance, 'tis true that spirits with us be,
 Why may not I have found my comforter in thee ?

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

BY MARY E. MIXER.

"The great are falling from us one by one,
 As fall the patriarchs from the forest trees ;
 The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun
 Gaze on each vacant space for centuries."

Thus wrote T. Buchanan Read, years ago, when the great
 men of our nation were falling round us, and thus sadly may we

quote his words in response to the dispatch which tells us that the poet-artist has passed away from us forever ! How well we recall him in the far-off days, when he was the pet and pride of a fair Southern city ! We called him poet-artist then, for his studio was the great attraction, and the world had not yet rung with the praise of his poems. His fair, pure faces gleamed out from the canvas like the Psyche of the old Greeks ; so classic in outline, so lovely in expression, they seemed almost to embody the heathen thought, and tell of the power of love to bestow a soul, even though it might be a soul for suffering. Professionally he was a painter, and his pictures sold well ; but even then, the genius within him would break out, and the glimmering light of his later days shone through such verses as "Psalm for the Sorrowing," "Solemn Voices," etc. Nature evidently had marked him for a poet. He had a slender, well-proportioned form, fair, slight features, and golden hair—

"Large blue eyes,
Like the warm wet skies,
Brim full of water and light ;"

And as we listened to him while he repeated his verses with the inspiration of an improvisator, we felt even then that he had sipped from the waters of the true Helicon. Later in his life, the "North British Review," in an article upon American Poets, places him at the head, and quotes his poem of "The Closing Scene" as "The only American poem we have read or could read over and over again," and again, in speaking of it, says : "It merits the fame that Gray's celebrated "Elegy" has obtained without deserving it nearly so well."

Who has ever visited Naples and dreamed away life, on the shores of its beautiful bay, without Read's poem of "Drifting" always at hand, to express, as words never have done before, all the sweetness and gracious influences that overpower the soul in the presence of such wondrous beauty ? Who ever recalls the proud and heroic deeds of our civil war, without "Sheridan's Ride" on his lips or in his mind ? Thus ever speaks the great poet through all the noblest impulses and holiest thoughts of our nature.

We call him poet-artist now, because, beautiful as his pictures are, they have not, and will not, influence and benefit the world as do his written thoughts.

Doubtless the moonlight is as fair in that loved Southern home as when it used to fall through gleaming leaves upon the inspired brow of the poet, repeating to a few artist friends the impassioned words which have since rung through the world. The forest yet covers hill and dale, and the light green of the summer foliage blends, with autumn hues, the richest ever painter

dreamed of ; the pure blue sky yet relieves the glistening spires which of old watched over his easel, and pointed his ambition onward and upward ; the distant hills, softened by the hazy atmosphere, look as lovely and graceful as when he sketched their outlines, and quaffed his inspiration from their beauty. But the voice is silent which gave to them a meaning and a memory, and the listening friends have been scattered by the breath of years, with only the memory of the artist-poet to link those days and them together.

“But whatsoe’er affection has invested
Th’ eternal years retain.”

[From the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, May 14th, 1872.]

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

The funeral announcement for to-day recalls with both pleasure and sadness some remembrances of Read’s last lengthy visit here. In the summer of 1858 the illustrious painter-poet, whose name is so dear to our city, came here to make some stay. He engaged rooms in Parkinson’s old building on Chestnut Street, above Tenth, and was speedily overwhelmed with commissions. With that utter unselfishness which was his ruling trait of character, Mr. Read arranged in his largest room a number of his most beautiful paintings and modestly gave notice that they should be exhibited free to all who chose to come. It was here that the writer of this sketch first met the distinguished poet, and spent many happy hours in his company and that of his pictures.

Mr. Read was then in person extremely thin, his cheeks hollow and his frame emaciated. But he joked over his attenuated condition and worked like a Trojan. “When I was thin,” said he, one day, “I weighed ninety-seven.” In his working days he stood from five to eight hours before the easel without sitting down to rest. He was a most conscientious portrait painter. One day in the absence of a sitter he was endeavoring to get on by the aid of a photograph, but after some unsatisfactory efforts he threw aside his brush. “What can one do with such a face as that ? ” he exclaimed. “There is neither emotion nor humanity in that thing.”

In the little picture gallery above mentioned were at least two of his finest works, “The Spirits of the Waterfall,” painted

for his warmly attached friend Jas. L. Claghorn, Esq., and "The Ascension of the Innocents," which was executed for a gentleman in Liverpool. The latter, although a smaller picture than some of the others, was probably the best, both in design and in execution. On being asked the idea which gave rise to this lovely picture he replied: "Well, you know what bloody, repulsive things some of the old masters made out of the 'Massacre of the Innocents,' and it seemed to me that one might look for once on another side of the picture, and imagine them well out of reach of their persecutors."

This reply was most characteristic of Mr. Read's mind. Its grand trait was delicacy. Everything, every subject which entered into the crucible of that pure and beautiful thought, came out doubly refined, idealized, filled with soulfulness and tenderness. The poems he most loved, the artistic themes that most closely struck his fancy, were those which he might best treat in this favorite mood. Of his own poems he always preferred such as these, rather than his more ambitious efforts. On being asked which of his poems he thought was best he replied, "There was one I wrote once called 'Doomed and Forgotten' which always seemed to me to have a good deal of spunk in it."

So thoroughly characteristic of the man were this innate delicacy and refinement that he has sometimes been called a "lady's poet," and criticised for sacrificing strength to polish. His "Sylvia" was pronounced by a great English critic equal to anything by Leigh Hunt, and replete with the same warm toning and extraordinary degree of finish. But such a criticism as this is instantly forgotten when we turn to the patriotic poems. Mr. Read's patriotism was really Spartanlike in his complete devotion to his beloved country. The scathing assault upon disunion in "The New Pastoral," the fiery little poem of "The Oath," and that world-renowned "Sheridan's Ride," which shot, meteor-like, from end to end of our war-convulsed land—these are not the works of a mind that forgets strength in love of finish. They sound like ringing blows on an anvil, and how many brave hearts were forged out under those very ringing blows of his.

Thomas Buchanan Read has died in his favorite month. No reader of his exquisite "Pastoral" will forget, yet none will regret to read over again those exquisite lines which open the seventh book:—

"May has come in; young May, the beautiful,
Wearing the sweetest chaplet of the year.
Along the Eastern corridors she walks
What time the clover rocks the earliest bell;
Her feet aflush with sunrise, and her veil
Floating in breezy odors o'er her hair."

It is sad, indeed, sad to think and hard to believe, that our friend, the friend of so many, is gone ; that he will be borne out to-day under the bright calm, bright skies of the same young May, whose feet are flushed with the sunrise, and that he, the pilgrim to a far country, far, yet near, and even nearer to us all, feels, even while we carry him to his last rest, the flush of another sunrise, warm with eternal summer. Fondly we trust, and it cannot be only a vain dream, that those closing lines of what will always be regarded as the noblest of his poems are even now trembling upon the lips we have loved :

“No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar.
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.”

The following poem was suggested by a visit to the tomb of Thomas Buchanan Read, at Laurel Hill :

I stand within a garden, where the fairest flowers bloom,
And art and nature harmonize, in beauty and perfume ;
But, on this mound, a sepulchre its granite tribute rears,
And here I lay a garland, wet with many loving tears.

I mourn for one whose mind was like a many-sided gem,
Effulgent with prismatic rays,—a regal diadem—
A friend, whose kindly influence was like the golden light,
Which, at its dawning, dissipates the shadows of the night.

A poet, gifted to evoke weird music from his lyre ;
To fill the hearts of listening throngs with patriotic fire ;
To draw the aged and the young, enchanted, to his feet,
Inspiring faith, and hope, and love, in accents soft and sweet.

A poet-artist, by whose touch, as on a mirror thrown,
Imagination's fairest forms, in living lines were shown—
Whose pictures were all poems, full of fancy, grace and thought ;
Whose poems were all pictures, with immortal beauty wrought.

[From *The Press* of May 15th, 1872.]

THE POET'S BURIAL.

THE REMAINS OF THOMAS BUCHANAN READ CARRIED TO THEIR LAST RESTING PLACE.

Thomas Buchanan Read, the poet-artist, died calmly and peacefully at the Astor House, New York, on Saturday night last, about 11 o'clock, without a cloud to dim his entrance into

the spirit land. Among his last words, as his beloved ones were bestowing upon him their last tokens of affection, were, "Your kisses are very sweet to me." Previous thereto he said to his mother-in-law, of whom he was very fond, "There is a divinity which shapes our ends." In the death of such a man, poetry, art and Christianity have been bereft of a friend. His friendships were always strong and of the tenderest and most enduring character, and it was second nature to him to love. Those who knew him best and most intimately, knew that he was generous to a fault. During his brief illness Mr. Read expressed the desire to recover sufficiently in order to get to Cincinnati, where he hoped to spend the summer, during which period he would lay aside the easel and brush and devote his time to the completion of his new poem, to which he had given much of his time whilst in Rome. This poem had already been dedicated "To Young Authors," and is said to possess great merit and beauty, the dedication being especially fine.

The funeral of the distinguished dead took place from the beautiful residence of his brother-in-law, James E. Caldwell, Esq., residing on Manheim Street, Germantown, yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock. The last sad tribute paid at the bier of acknowledged worth was marked by no ostentatious display. Among the prominent gentlemen present, outside of the family circle, were Messrs. P. F. Rothermel, F. DeBourg Richards, Newbold H. Trotter, George W. Kennard, J. Ropes, artists; F. De Haes Janvier, poet; George W. Childs, Esq., of the "Ledger;" Col. John W. Forney, of "The Press;" Gibson Peacock, of the "Evening Bulletin;" Major Freas, of the "German-town Telegraph," and other representatives of the newspaper fraternity; Rev. Mr. Mason, J. Gillingham Fell, Jeremiah Robbins, James L. Claghorn, General Hector Tyndale, E. P. Mitchell, James J. Reeves, Evan Randolph, John Rice, W. P. Jenks, Daniel Haddock, J. E. Kingsley, John W. Lockwood, J. B. Lippincott, William Bullock, John O'Neil, Edward La-fourcade, Rich. A. Lewis, Henry C. Townsend, Alfred D. Jessup, Ferdinand J. Dreer, George Hammersly, and others.

The remains of the deceased were encased in a handsome modern burial casket covered with black cloth. Eight silver handles, two beautiful wreaths of immortelles, and a cross of rare and fragrant flowers were the only adornments visible. Upon the lid of the coffin was a silver plate, bearing upon it the following inscription:

T. BUCHANAN READ,
DIED MAY 11TH, 1872,
AGED 50 YEARS.

From 2 until 4 o'clock the house was visited by a large number of the citizens of Germantown, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, anxious to testify by their presence to the worth of the honored dead, and to look, for the last time on earth, upon the face so familiar. At the hour designated for the opening of the funeral services, profound silence prevailed within the hospitable mansion. Pen cannot portray the feeling of the grief-stricken assemblage. It were wrong and almost a sacrilege to endeavor to do so. Gathered were the friends of Thomas Buchanan Read's early life and adolescent prime, those who knew best and loved him most, and who, as the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church was being read by Rev. J. De Wolf Perry, rector of Calvary Church, seemed to be communing with the dead past, wherein the poet-artist figured so honorably and so conspicuously. Upon the termination of the impressive exercises, the relatives and friends of the deceased were permitted to take the last look at the body, which in a short time was hidden forever from mortal eyes. The following gentlemen officiated as pall-bearers:

JAMES L. CLAGHORN,
HENRY C. TOWNSEND,
ALFRED D. JESSUP,
GEN. HECTOR TYNDALE.

P. F. ROTHERMEL,
FERDINAND J. DREER,
GEORGE W. CHILDS,
FRANCIS DeHAES JANVIER.

The funeral cortege proceeded to the Central Laurel Hill Cemetery, where the body was interred. The services at the graveside were of short duration and of a most solemn character.

REMINISCENCES AND PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

FROM "REMINISCENCES OF MY LATER LIFE."

BY MARY HOWITT.

In July, 1851, an American poet and painter named Buchanan Read, then on his way to study art at Dusseldorf, Munich and Florence, spent the evening at our house, in the company of some of our friends. He had earlier sent us his first volume of poems by the American publisher, Mr. Fields, and now brought us the second. A few days later the very clever and intelligent young Irish poet, William Allingham, who had been present, told Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti he had recently met a number of Americans at our house, whereupon Rossetti replied, "By-the-by some of those Americans write glorious things. I have come across some lyrics in the 'Philadelphia Courier,' signed 'A Miner,' and written from Hazeldell, on the Schuylkill, as fine as any I know. I first met with one specimen, and was so delighted with it, that I sent to Philadelphia for all papers containing the poems from Hazeldell, cut them out, and pasted them in a book with other gems of poetry." Rossetti forthwith produced a big book of poetry, and began reading some of the lyrics; and as he expressed the deepest obligations to the unknown writer, Allingham volunteered to call on the American, who had asked him to do so, and try to learn from him who was the splendid poet of Hazeldell. Accordingly Mr. Allingham went to Mr. Buchanan Read, and told him what had passed. As he proceeded, the stranger's face became crimson and his entire frame agitated. "I am the writer of those poems!" he replied, with tears in his eyes.

There was, of course, nothing to be done after this marvelous discovery but instantly to carry off the prize to Rossetti. They found him in his studio quite absorbed working from a model. He just looked up as they entered, gave a sharp little nod, and went on painting. Allingham, however, walked up to him and said, "I have brought you the poet of Hazeldell bodily." Rossetti dropped his brush, and with a face glowing with excitement cried, "You don't say so!" He quite overwhelmed the

bashful stranger with his joyous acclamations, adding, "How delighted Woolner would be, for he prizes your poems as I do!" In the midst of the jubilation Holman Hunt entered. Now Read had a most intense desire to see Leigh Hunt, and this being divulged to the two pre-Raphaelites, who were busy, they deputed Allingham to carry their visitor to Leigh Hunt, and see that he was treated with due honor. Leigh Hunt, however, was out, so they returned to Rossetti and Holman Hunt, and spent a grand evening together.

The next time Buchanan Read came to us, we had perused his fresh and invigorating poems, and were delighted to see him again. And now the ice being broken we found him to be a very generous, grateful, young man, possessing much original power and fine discrimination of art. He had been painting in Rossetti's studio, and in constant intercourse with his host, William Rossetti, Holman Hunt and Woolner. As the day for his departure to Dusseldorf approached a great gathering of all the P. R. B's took place, to commemorate his last evening in their midst. They read aloud his poetry, made much of him, and told such capital stories that some of them rolled on the floor with laughter. But although they remained together until four or five o'clock in the morning, they could not part with him. He prolonged his stay and as he absented himself in their company from his lodgings at Mr. Chapman's in the Strand, it was reported that the pre-Raphaelites had carried off Read in a chariot of fire.

One of my most pleasant recollections of the poet Longfellow is an incident connected with our mutual friend, Thomas Buchanan Read.

It was along in the latter part of the fifties when, in company with Mr. Read, I spent a day in autumn with Mr. Longfellow and his family at their old-fashioned residence, the headquarters of Washington in Revolutionary times, in Cambridge, Mass.

After dinner and a smoke we were summoned to "tea" by Mrs. Longfellow. While the two poets were engaged in conversation on literary matters in their line, Mrs. Longfellow discussed with me the very opposite characters of Hamlet and Garibaldi, and as I was fortunate enough to be in full sympathy with the lady's views of the two heroes, we were soon deeply interested in the subject, while I, in a certain sense, became enamored of my fair partner in the interesting conversation. It would be a difficult thing, I think, to imagine a more charming woman than Mrs. Henry W. Longfellow; elegant and matronly in person, refined

and unaffected in manners, with a maidenly modesty combined with the charms of the highest intellectual culture, she was a very queen among the gifted of her sex.

The poet himself, who was no indiscriminate praiser, spoke to me of our friend Mr. Read earnestly and warmly, ranking him among American poets as foremost in the realms of poetic fancy, citing "Drifting" as an exquisite example of the wonderful art of "word painting."

The even-tide of our visit had imperceptibly stolen on "the wee hour beyon't the twal," when we took a reluctant leave of our delightful host and hostess. Replete with the comforts of good cheer and the pleasures of poetry, we took up our line of march through old Cambridge, and over the long causeways and low bridges of the Back Bay. It was a beautiful night with a full moon, that gave to everything the seeming effect of slumbering daylight. As we were quietly tramping along, Read suddenly threw away his cigar, saying, "Murdoch, you have not heard my lines on the 'Bay of Naples?' Now, as no more fitting time nor place could be found for a rehearsal, here goes," and without further preface, he began to recite the dreamy poem of

My soul to-day is far away,
Sailing on Vesuvian Bay.

Moonlight and stillness, what more fitting surroundings could there be for a poet's delivery of such verses? The mingled odor of sea-weed and salt water, the balmy air and the soothing sound of the incoming tide of the ocean, as it lazily splashed against the piers and stone walls of the roadways, were the according elements which combined to impart to the spirit of "Drifting" an inexpressible charm of dreamland mistiness, the subdued voice of the poet and the soft footfall of his step as he kept time to the metre and rhythm of his verse, creating an atmosphere as ethereal and fairy-like as though the mighty wand of a Prospero had conjured up a magic scene for the special delight of enchanted listeners.

I caught the inflection then and there, and now, after more than a quarter of a century's experience in vocalizing Read's poem, the physical and mental impressions of that night are yet living in my mind's eye and sounding in the ears of my memory.

April 20th, 1889.

JAMES E. MURDOCH.

AMERICAN CELEBRITIES ABROAD.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Socially, the Piazza di Spagna is the 'Change of Rome. Here are several of the principal hotels, the bookstores and print shops, some of the finest jewelry and mosaic establishments, one of the principal restaurants, the most frequented reading room, and last, though not least in importance, the banking house of Maquay, Pakenham & Hooker. This famous "place"—or "square" as it would be termed in the States—affords, by its broad, open, sunny area, such a contrast to the narrow, chilly and oftentimes reeking streets, that the whole American population pours into it daily like a tide. On the range of houses on the north line of the square fronting southerly, it is considered especially fortunate to obtain a suite of rooms on that side for the winter. In this delightful and desirable locality were the apartments of Mr. Read when I was in Rome. Who that has been the recipient of the decorous and judiciously discriminating hospitality of the poet-artist and his fair wife, can ever forget that pleasant home! How many hours, lonely enough otherwise, have been enlivened and made happy and cheerful by the charms of cultivated intercourse in that cosy parlor! How many hearts, depressed by long contact with strangers in a strange land, and wearily longing for the friendships of home and the warmth of responsive sympathy and affection, have had the shadows dispelled and the yearning calmed and satisfied in that genial presence! We used to feel that America lost too much by the prolonged sojourn of the Reads and the Moziers in Rome, but as we recall their cordial and loving attentions to all their countrymen and countrywomen capable of appreciating and profiting by them, we reconcile ourselves to their absence for the sake of that constant procession of Americans to the land of art and song.

It is not my purpose to speak of the character or fame of Buchanan Read as a poet, nor of his rapidly extending renown as a painter. In either province he is beyond any panegyric or criticism of mine. I simply wish to pay a friendly tribute to the man who, notwithstanding his preoccupation in his profession, and the urgent demands upon his time, has held himself ready to serve in all ways and at all times the great throng of Americans naturally attracted to his studio. To serve them too, not grudgingly, churlishly or with a degree of politeness carefully measured out to correspond with the

prospect of commissions—that is sometimes done—but heartily, cordially, and with exceeding patience.

I met Mr. Read for the first time in his studio, having the favorable introduction of a valued acquaintance who was one of Mr. Read's earliest and most constant friends. In a few moments it seemed as if we had known each other long and well, and all subsequent intercourse only confirmed this agreeable impression. Alike free from affectation and hauteur, unconstrained without appearing listless or indifferent, sociable yet never reaching the borders of garrulity, frank without being offensive, steering easily between opinionativeness and platitude he possesses the art or natural grace of pleasing all while offending none. Always at his easel during the day, when not occupied with callers, he nevertheless abandons his work with apparent readiness whenever his duty to his guests seems to require it, and is ever solicitous lest his visitors should consider themselves intruders. I should say that it might be affirmed of him with truth that he lives in his poetry. I have met authors and preachers whose professional utterance was music itself, but whose manner in society would better comport with the porcine than the human extraction; people who could portray all the Christian, moral and social graces with such touching fidelity as to endear the writers themselves to the hearts of all not disenchanted by personal acquaintance. I beg to assure the admirers of Mr. Read that he does not belong to this class. His poetry but reflects himself, its genuine, genial and imaginative character finding a counterpart in the true impulses, gentle demeanor and refined spirit of the man.

HELEN HUNT.

THE AUTHOR OF "SHERIDAN'S RIDE."

Rome was for many years the home of the poet-artist Thomas Buchanan Read. His apartments were in a stylish stuccoed building at the corner of the Via Babuino and the Piazza di Spagna, overlooking the noted Scala. Dr. and Mrs. Gould, of philanthropic fame, occupy a suite in the same house. From any of the windows on the square may be seen the identical room in which the critic-murdered boy, John Keats, died, in a dwelling at the lower side of the Scala.

Mr. Read's studio was in the artist quarter, near the American Club; and, at the time of the present writer's visit to it (1872), contained a copy of the celebrated painting of "Sheridan's Ride," a capital design of "Abou Ben Adhem,"

which the artist had promised Leigh Hunt to paint a quarter of a century before; an elaborate representation of the "Angels at the Sepulchre;" and a beautiful little thing, "The Bridal Veil Fall in the Yosemite," where the waters blend and braid with the flowing golden tresses of a graceful maiden. Mr. Read's favorite type of beauty was the blonde, which, it may be no impropriety to mention, was in tender tribute to his charming wife.

It was a delight to the poet-painter to lavishly entertain any worthy fellowcountrymen visiting Rome; to feast them at his hospitable board; to accompany them in rambles among the eternal ruins; and, at night, to drive with them to the accustomed haunts of the lazzaroni and banditti, in whose estimation the American artist was a sort of King of the Commons, so liberal was his largess at leaving. An *osteria antica* on the bank of the Tiber at the head of the bridge of San Angelo, the nocturnal resort of Gasparoni, Manzeni, and other outlaws equally dangerous, was not unfrequently lighted up by the presence of Mr. Read, with a few distinguished strangers in charge—Major-Generals, Governors, or honorable Senators at home, who were gratifying their curiosity to see the actual status of Democratic institutions abroad. Among Mr. Read's usual drives was that to the tomb of Ovid in the Campagna, on the road leading from the Porta del Popolo, and several miles distant from the city. The fact of its being little better than a cattle shelter at this time did not mar, in the poet's mind, the classic harmony of the spot.

At home or at the club, and when the host of a galaxy of genial friends—for guest his peerless generosity would seldom permit him to be—Mr. Read was wont to give easy rein to conversation, and daintily sip the froth and foam of fancy from the beaker-brim of wit. His mind was well stored with memories of notable persons, and stories of home poets, such as Poe, Halleck, Clarke, were ever on his lips. Sometimes on these bright occasions, when mirth and conviviality reigned supreme monarchs of the festive hour, he could be induced to repeat one or two of his own poems—"Sheridan's Ride," "Drifting," "The Brave at Home," and "Lines to Burns" and "Bryant" being the favorites. Few who have heard him recite the glorious "Ride" will soon forget the spirit and electric patriotism of his voice, and bearing almost martial. Indeed, love of his native land was a noteworthy trait in his character. He had served his country as a staff officer with General Lew. Wallace in the West, and used to say that his shoulder straps were bigger in his eyes than the fame he had got as a "dauber and rhymster."

The Cafe di Cavono, on the Corso, is the head-quarters of the literati and artists in Rome, a harbor where editors, authors,

painters and all brother Bohemians may meet on friendly and familiar footing, and enjoy the social equality of sharing the same chop or steak and discussing the news of the day. Here Mr. Read was a welcome friend, and many a needy writer or struggling artist was indebted to his sympathy for a cheering word or a hearty handshake, or, better still, a satisfying meal.

McKay owed, in part, to Mr. Read's wise counsel and timely aid the establishment of an English enterprise, the "Roman Times," the only Anglo-Saxon journal published in Italy.

Nor was Mr. Read unnoticed of royalty. When Victor Emmanuel made Rome his capital, the poet honored the King with a copy of his works. The next day, the scarlet livery of the Kingdom of Italy was seen at Mr. Read's door, and Prince Umberto left a card in person for the American artist.

In body, Mr. Read was slight and small, with delicate features and silken hair and beard. At times his manner was animated, when the eye would glow and the cheek crimson with enthusiasm; but his usual demeanor was sedate and self-poised to a degree.

He had a curious presentiment during the winter of 1871-2 that he would not survive his fiftieth birthday, then at hand. This idea so fastened upon him that, finding his health failing him, his devoted wife thought prudent to bring him home, and they had hardly touched his native shores when the dark and dreaded shadow fell.

But few men possessed so many personal friends, for his tastes were social and his nature kindly; and but few poets have left to posterity so national a legacy as that of his popular poem, "Sheridan's Ride."

DAVID G. ADEE.

LINES TO T. BUCHANAN READ.

BY DAVID BATES.

I love thee, Read, for thou hast sung
In sweetest numbers many a lay,
And, like the earth in spring-time, flung
Bright flowers of thought along life's way.

Earth's beautiful and fragile blooms
A season only charm the eye,
Then drop into their annual tomb;
But thine, immortal, cannot die.

Here young and old, and grave and gay.
May cull with an unsparing hand,
And still to others point "The Way,"
Or lead them to "The Fairer Land."

If aught a maiden's heart e'er grieves,
'Twill soothe it should she chance to see,
While idly playing with the leaves,
That "Some Things Love me—even Me."

The "Stranger," tired of turning o'er
The musty tomes of science, will
Come gently rapping at the door,
And bless the time he crossed the "sill."

And, wearied with the effort made
To find some rare and curious thing,
The student, resting in the shade,
Will dip into the "The Wayside Spring."

And he who loves to walk abroad,
And gaze on Nature's sober mien,
Communing with himself and God
Will linger o'er the "Closing Scene."

To rural life who feel inclined,
"The Pastoral" is ever free;
Who love the ocean shore, may find
"The House" to dwell in "by the Sea."

All tastes and fancies pure and chaste,
All sights and sounds to nature true,
All forms and motions not defaced,
Are caught and mirrored to the view.

As ocean gathers all the streams
To waft them back in genial rain,
Thou gatherest, and the sweetest themes
Float back from thy prolific brain.

The following lines from the graceful pen of Mrs. Osgood are addressed to an exquisite portrait of Coleridge's Genevieve, painted by a young artist of great promise of the name of Read.

The picture is indeed lovely, and embodies all the beauty and pathos of the original poem. The music and the doleful tale are repeated in the sweet face of Genevieve; and Mrs. Osgood repaints it for the "mind's eye" with the delicate touches of her fairy pen.

READ'S GENEVIEVE.

By the deep soul-light that lies
 'Neath the fringes of her eyes—
 By the braided auburn hair,
 Waving off her forehead fair—
 By the rose-hues rare and meek,
 Lighting up her lovely cheek—
 By the girlish grace, I'm sure,
 From his heart the painter drew her!

Leaning on the armed knight,
 Listening with a sad delight,
 All her spirit thrills and grieves
 With the lay her lover weaves.
 All sweet influences throng

Round the maiden meek and still;
 Music melting from the song,

Like the ripple of a rill;
 Balmy airs that come and go,
 Of their wild flowers talking low,
 With the charm whose mystic power
 Sways the soul at sunset hour,—
 All into her heart have gone,

Stealing round the dreamer there.
 Love, who until now slept on,

'Mid his roses, free from care,
 Now his smiles and tears arise,
 Making April in her eyes,
 And a mightier, holier power
 Sways her being from this hour.

Yes! by all her beauty, sure
 From his heart the painter drew her!
 As the minstrel, when he sung
 To the lyre that love had strung;
 All the feeling, truth, and grace,
 Dawning in that shy, sad face,
 Told of one in life who stole,
 With her smile, his soul of soul;
 So while Art and Genius high
 Tints of light and beauty weave,
 Well we know the painter's eye
 Must have seen his Genevieve!

January 5th, 1844.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CRITIQUES, HISTORY OF "DRIFT- ING" AND SHERIDAN'S RIDE."

[From the *U. S. Gazette and North American*, Feb. 24th, 1855.]

BY HON. GEORGE H. BOKER.

It has been charged against us that we possess no national literature. The inspiration of our writers is said to be drawn from foreign sources; and their first efforts are pronounced to be little more than the imperfect echoes of European genius. No pure national element is allowed to pervade even this imitative literature. A good work on any subject by an American differs in no wise from a good work on the same subject by an Englishman. Foreign critics deplore that so far as our literature is concerned our liberal modes of thought, our free social habits and our peculiar form of government go for nothing. American critics, by way of illustrating the truth of this degrading charge, have subserviently raised their lamentations over an opinion which they were too ready to admit, because too feeble to attack. So large a subject demands a longer and more patient investigation than we can give to it; yet the demand is urgent not only for the sake of our national reputation, but also for the sake of universal justice.

The charge we conceive to be unqualifiedly false. Yet while American literature receives its character from the clusters of writers that shine in the pages of the "Edinburgh," the "Quarterly" and the "Westminster," such an opinion will obtain, because to their minds nothing in our literature is worth noticing that is at variance with their ideas, and to fulfil these ideas an American must necessarily forfeit his nationality. Any sagacious reader of foreign criticisms, however, must have observed the quality of the defects which are pointed out and ridiculed in their reviews of American books. In nine cases out of ten these so-called defects constitute the peculiar character of the obnoxious work; are radical differences, indeed, which confer upon the author's writings as distinct a nationality as if he wrote in another language. At present this literary nationality peeps out only here and there in our books, for we are afraid and ashamed of the things in which we should glory; but when

America shall have summoned the hardihood to criticise her own works unbiased by foreign opinion her literature will be confessed to be national enough—too national, we think, to please the taste of European conservatives.

Mr. Read is in the van of the poetical pioneers who are cutting out a path for American literature. The "New Pastoral" is purely a national poem. Europe has no hand in it. There is no hint in it that such places as St. Paul's or the two houses of Parliament exist. It is so far removed from European sympathy that we may predict for it a strange reception from his admirers on the other side of the water. It may be regarded as an absolute literary curiosity; it may be assailed as a literary monster; it may be trampled upon as a literary firebrand; but among the downright enthusiasts who dream of liberty under imaginary red caps, or shout at Chartist meetings, it will be treasured as a genuine poem of freedom, wafted to them from the land of promise.

This poem is full of that which European politicians regard as combustible matter. Explosive ideas are scattered through it with a lavish prodigality, and in words so musical and persuasive that a multitude might sing them without disturbing the nervous ear of a prime minister. The laws of natural equality, the tyranny of wealth, the memories of our past, the aspirations of our future, the narrowing spirit of stable despotism, the expansive progress of restless Republicanism, the law from the throne and the law from the ballot-box are all touched upon with an unabashed and forward hand. There is no effort to trim to foreign opinion; on the contrary, our author seems anxious to defy and grapple with it. The ideas employed throughout this poem may seem only mild and natural to Americans, but they are wild and terrible things to Europeans. They are the ideas in which this country has lived and moved and had its being for nigh a hundred years of wonderful prosperity; but they are also the ideas which deluged Europe with blood in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and which shall forever threaten it while political tyranny and military oppression are the only barriers between artificial wrong and natural right.

It must not be inferred from our previous remarks that the "New Pastoral" is in any degree a political poem.

It is, indeed, deeply imbued with the spirit of our free institutions, and with a fervent love of country which sees already in our land a decided improvement on the old world, and prophetically points to such glories in the future as we confidently hope for, in spite of the taunts and forebodings of our European rivals. These dreams of coming grandeur are intensified and colored by Mr. Read's brilliant imagination, until the splendor of our destiny assumes proportions so gigantic and dazzling

as to dwarf and bedim all that history records of ancient or the world shows of present empire. This is as it should be; and what right-hearted American will shake his head at the magnificent prophecy? It may seem strange that such wide reflections should grow out of a pastoral; but they arise quite naturally from the development of the poem, and should awake in us a sense of serious responsibility which we Americans are too apt to forget in the headlong speed of our career.

We have been so far carried away by the national aspect of the "New Pastoral," originating, as it does, a school of poetry entirely distinct from any that has preceded it as to lose sight of its detail in the vastness of the ideas upon which it is founded, and the capabilities of those ideas for a vast development in the future. Mr. Read's poem is strictly an American pastoral. Every aspect of rustic life, every employment of our rural population, through all seasons and circumstances, is described with a familiar grace that lends a charm to the most homely scenes and actions of the husbandman's life. The plot, which is simple and unconfused, is kept, as it should be, in strict subservience to the pastoral character of the poem. It describes the fortunes of a small Pennsylvania community, happily placed among the rich valleys of the Susquehanna, who are smitten with a desire to emigrate to the far West. The route of the travelers, their adventures by the way, the choice of their wild home, their battle with savage nature and endemic disease, form the staples of the story. Two love tales—the one bright and happy, the other dark and miserable—run side by side, in skilful contrast through the poem, closing in a scene of broken-hearted death unsurpassed for its tenderness and sympathetic power. Various rustic characters—some of courage and energy, some of repulsive meanness and depravity, and some of artless sweetness and delicate beauty—are the actors in this pastoral drama.

It has not been Mr. Read's object to write a thrilling American poem. He has wisely consigned that task to inferior hands. His ambition has been to do for America that which Cowper and Thomson did for England, and his success is as undoubted. Let any one who would be convinced of Mr. Read's originality as a pastoral poet, or would see something in our country's literature that owes nothing to foreign sources, compare a book of the "New Pastoral" with a book of the "Seasons." The contrast is striking and undeniable; and for the first time, perhaps, America may begin to assume to the minds of Americans an individuality hitherto denied abroad and only half admitted at home. The contrast may or may not be in our favor, according to the reader's patriotism; but this thing is certain: America is growing in a new direction and is peopling her territories with a new race of men. The most diabolical force of the American character—

its frenzied activity, its morbid restlessness and its desperate courage—has never yet been paralleled among nations. All this must lead to something—to something great or to something terrible.

Scattered through Mr. Read's volume are many of those refined and melodious lyrics which have already made him famous on both sides of the Atlantic. The one which contains a reference to the old bell of liberty, in Independence Hall, is animated with a fervid and reverential passion for the neoteric antiquities of our country, which proves that America possesses as noble source of historic inspiration within her brief chronicles as can be derived from foreign traditions. The misfortune is that our heroic age lies too near us for appreciation. The descriptions of natural scenery with which his poem abounds surpass any of Mr. Read's previous efforts in this, his most happy characteristic. The quiet misty valleys, the rolling mountains, the dense primeval forests, the boundless sweep of the undulating prairies, with the beauties of their vernal herbage and the terrors of their autumnal fires and all the other distinctive features of American scenery, are portrayed by Mr. Read with a touch unrivalled among our poets. We rose from the perusal of the "New Pastoral" grateful that an American had dared to write such a poem.

[From *Graham's Magazine*, May, 1855.]

BY E. P. WHIPPLE, OF BOSTON.

Mr Read is already so widely and favorably known as a poet that this volume, "The New Pastoral," will not have to win its way by slow degrees into public estimation, but be welcomed at once by a large circle of admirers, both in England and America. It will be read, a felicity which few long poems in our generation have the luck to reach, however readable they may be in themselves. Two hundred and fifty pages of blank verse, with an unknown author on the title page, would be pretty sure to find their way to the trunk makers and pastry cooks, though they might contain passages worthy of Thomson or Cowper. The only safe course for the poet is, to commence with short pieces for the magazines, and thus to establish his name before he ventures on publishing an extended work. Mr. Read has followed this plan. For a number of years he has been known as the author of many exquisite little poems, full of sweetness, tenderness and fancy, thoroughly steeped in melody, and often exhibiting a delicacy of sentiment and subtlety of thought which

proved his right to a place among our original poets. "The New Pastoral" may at first strike the reader as inferior to many of his minor pieces, as it is less uniformly rich in imagery, less daintily choice in language, and includes many passages of rural description, expressed in a style elaborately homely and simple; but in breadth of power, in closeness to things, in variety of character and in the vigorous grasp of his subject, as a whole, it indicates a real advance in manliness and in faculty. The chief object of the poem is to represent rural life in Pennsylvania, as preserved in the author's memories of the experiences of his own early life. The descriptions, both of scenery and character, are all the more vivid, and stamp themselves on the imagination with the greater effectiveness, from their connection with the incidents of an interesting story. This human interest, pervading the whole poem, fastens the attention of the reader; and "The New Pastoral" is one of the few descriptive poems which can be read through without pause and without fatigue.

A few extracts from the poem will convey to the reader a better idea of Mr. Read's style than any statement of the peculiarities. The following is a fine picture of still life, whose truth neither villager nor critic can doubt:

"Adieu to fancy! Let me ope the gate,
Wide as the lane it bars, and cool my feet
Along the grassy path, and turn with joy,
As erst, to yonder chapel on the hill.
Lo! the calm Sabbath sanctifies the air,
And over all, from God's uplifted hand,
The silence falls, and, like a blessing, lies
The stillness on my spirit. The sweet sounds,
Which, unprohibited, from Eden time till now,
Have charmed alike the day of toil and rest,
Alone assail the ear, making the quiet heard,
Soothing the soul, as with a psalm! Yon bird,
Which soars and falls, swinging its way through Heaven
On airy billows, and this brook which sings
The better for the obstacles opposed,
As bards have done, together with the sounds
Of lesser note which come from these small choirs,
In leafy chapels closed, make to the ear
A music lovelier than the brazen notes
Blown through the serried pillars of cathedrals."

In the same sweet and gentle spirit is the following description of the congregation of a country church, after the service is done, as they linger round the house of God. It calls up an image of a scene familiar to the memories of all:

"The service done, the congregation rise,
And with a freshness glowing on their hearts,
And quiet strength, the benison of prayer,
And wholesome admonition, hence depart.
Some, loath to go, within the graveyard loiter,
Walking among the mounds or on the tombs,

Hanging, like pictured grief beneath a willow,
 Bathing the inscriptions with their tears; or here,
 Finding the earliest violet, like a drop
 Of Heaven's anointing blue upon the dead,
 Bless it with mournful pleasure; or, perchance,
 With careful hands, recall the wandering vine,
 And teach it where to creep, and where to bear
 Its future epitaph of flowers. And there,
 Each with a separate grief, and some with tears,
 Pondered the sculptured lines of consolation."

We should like to extract some of the vigorous portraits of the village denizens, drawn with the vigor and certainty of an artist, and sacrificing everything to simple truth of representation. Many of the sounding lyrics and many of the descriptions of the changes in the seasons invite quotation by their merit, but repel it by their length. Indeed, the poem must be read through to be appreciated, as the author is more studious of general effects than desirous of working up particular passages. The impression left on the mind by the whole poem is more beautiful and satisfying than the impression conveyed by the excellence of any detached description.

[From the *North British Review*, August, 1852.]

Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read, as we learn from the publisher's preface to his volume which is published in England, is "one among the youngest of America's poets." This being the case, we do not hesitate to declare our opinion that he is the most promising of the living trans-Atlantic poets. We know of no other American, with the doubtful exception of Edgar Poe, having so much real feeling as is shown in some of Mr. Read's verses. His feeling is not very profound or masculine, but it is real; and it presents a refreshing contrast with the cold and clever manufactures, which most of his contemporaries would impose upon us as expressions of feeling. Bloomfield's description of a storm, beginning "A chilling blast succeeds, the nearest cloud sprinkles the bubbling pool," etc., is not more hearty and homely than Mr. Read's "Summer Shower :—"

"Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
 As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain,
 And loiters the boy in the briery lane;
 But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain
 Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.

"Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
 It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
 Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,
 The wild birds sit listening, the drops round them beat,
 And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall."

Mr. Read has a very high sense of natural beauty; this kind of description is his forte, although he does not seem to know it, for the most elaborate pieces in his volume are somewhat ineffective attempts at the delineation of human passion, for which he has scarcely sufficient depth and strength. As, notwithstanding its unusual merit, Mr. Read's volume is not likely to fall into the hands of the majority of our readers, we offer no apology for quoting the following exquisite poem called the "Closing Scene :—"

"Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare."

This is unquestionably the best American poem we have met with; indeed it is, with one or two exceptions, the only American poem we have read, or could read, over and over again. It is an addition to the permanent stock of poetry in the English language, and is worth the whole album of "Excelsiors," "Psalms of Life," and other such drum-and-trumpet moralities which are so abundantly supplied to an applauding public on this and on the other side of the Atlantic. There are faults in this little poem which greatly diminish its value as compared with what it ought to have been, and might have been, under the diligent and discerning polish of Mr. Read.

"The embattled forests ere while armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,"

Are a sad interruption to the tone of peaceful melancholy which is otherwise admirably sustained throughout the poem; and the image is, moreover, in itself, good for little or nothing. The five concluding stanzas are not nearly up to the mark of the preceding portion of the piece, which, as far as regards general construction and form, is almost spoilt by them. But the first thirteen stanzas taken by themselves constitute a truly inspired little poem. Tennyson himself, the great modern master of that kind of description which employs the objects of outward nature as a language for human feeling, has scarcely surpassed, in its way, this passage which, in our opinion, merits the fame that Gray's celebrated "Elegy" has obtained without deserving it nearly so well. The feeling of the three opening stanzas—the only unexceptional passage of more than two or three lines in Gray's poem—is here sustained to a far greater length, and with much simpler language and imagery. Mr. Read's volume affords other equally remarkable instances of perception and polish; but in no other instance does he seem to us to have arrived at such depth of poetical feeling. We would willingly quote the whole of "Love's Gallery," but for want of space must confine ourselves to two of its beautifully finished portraits.

[From the *Evening Bulletin*, May 17th, 1855.]

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Scalpel, an able critic of the fine arts, has on two recent occasions, through the columns of the "Bulletin" expressed, what is doubtless an honest apprehension on his part, that "Philadelphia's pet poet-artist, T. Buchanan Read, is in danger of losing his originality in art—of becoming a servile imitator of the Dusseldorf school—and is not likely to add to his reputation by his present sojourn in Europe." The critic evidently labors under the erroneous impression that Read, as well as Leutze, is located at Dusseldorf, and is devoting his time to copying the works of that school. A desire to correct this error, as well as the circumstances under which Read is making his present visit to Florence, seem to warrant, if not to demand, the public statement of a few facts which, it is hoped, may dissipate this fear.

At the instance of a number of personal friends and intelligent appreciators of his genius, Read started for Europe nearly two years ago, to take up his residence at Florence, for the purpose of executing the commissions confined entirely to original compositions with which he was intrusted. He went by way of England and through Dusseldorf, for the purpose of painting the portraits of several distinguished persons resident there, to fill orders to that effect, and at the latter place had Leutze for a sitter. His stay both in England and Germany did not exceed three months, and his time while there was devoted to the painting of portraits. Since the autumn of 1853 his residence has been entirely at Florence, where he has busily devoted his time and talents to original compositions, and in a manner which indicates a decided advance in his art, as his works when seen will abundantly attest. Scalpel alludes to what he calls his examples of works executed by Read before and during his present residence abroad in support of his opinion, but indicates none of the latter class by name. It is a gratifying fact that so much of Read's time has been occupied in executing orders for English and American tourists, who have visited him at Florence, that the only productions of his easel which have yet reached us, exclusive of the portraits above referred to, painted for Mr. Dreer, are "Tarquin and Lucrece," in the possession of Mr. Tilden, and "The Ivory Carver," owned by Mr. C. S. Boker—the latter of which is now on the walls of the Academy. The subject of this beautiful composition is taken from the well-known poem of the same name in the published collection of our distinguished dramatic poet, George H. Boker, who has expressed in warm terms his admiration of the spirit of the picture, and the happy skill with which the artist has caught and

delineated a prominent idea of the poem, while capable critics of art have observed in its execution the most decided evidences of improvement in the handling of the pencil and management of coloring. The other works which Read has produced during his sojourn at Florence are, so far as now known, "The Embarcation of Cleopatra," "The Culprit Fay," "Excelsior," "Diana and Endymion," "The Woodland Bath," "Time Rescuing Proserpine," "The Fall of the Lost Pleiad" and "Undine Rescued by the Knight," some of which are for English tourists, and others are now on their way to our city. Upon their arrival a better opportunity than now exists will be afforded the friends of American art to determine whether or not Scalpel's fears are well founded. These works are said by persons who have recently returned from Florence to evince a great degree of progress, and to be especially worthy of admiration for their originality both in conception and style of execution. From the same sources we learn that Read's peculiar distinguishing feature among the artists that assemble at Florence is originality and force in composition—the skill and grace with which the poetical creations of his pure and active imagination are thrown upon canvas. Of him it has been well said that his poems are pictures in their close fidelity to truth and nature, and his pictures are poems in the grace and beauty with which each face and form is outlined, and the harmony and effect with which his groups are combined. It is well known that his genius does not so much incline towards landscape painting as to another higher and more difficult range in the world of art—ideal composition, allegorical illustration, the graceful embodiment of some striking poetical conceit, the representation of some pure and spiritual Christian sentiment, and the delineation of the human face and form in their fullest development of majesty and beauty as exhibited in "The Lady of Shalott," "The Culprit Fay," "The Ivory Carver," "Excelsior," "Undine Rescued by the Knight," "Time Rescuing Proserpine," "The Fall of the Lost Pleiad," "The Spirit of the Age," "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel," his "Milton" and "Dante," and others of a kindred character. This is the class of subjects to which Read's time and talents are now being devoted; and when we add the fact that he has declined to make copies of the works of the old masters which adorn the galleries of Florence when requested so to do, we may reasonably hope that enough has been said to satisfy Scalpel that his fears are groundless, and to convince the friends of Read and all interested in the progress and development of American art that at least one of our most promising artists is not exposed to the "danger of falling into the mannerism of the Dusseldorf," or any other school of painting, and that with Read at least "originality of style shall be the distinguishing feature of American art."

H. C. T.

[From the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, May 25th, 1855.]

When, some two years since, the English Reviewers, and more especially the North British, in some just and appropriate criticisms on a volume of Read's Poems, assigned him a position (not so much by reason of the extent of his writings as on account of the decided evidences of high poetic power they exhibited) in the front rank of American poets, they again repeated their old call for a new and original poem, which should be entirely and strictly American in its subject-matter, and in importance and length should approach the requisites of a national epic, and indicated Read as the author possessing the necessary qualifications for this task. This was distinguished praise, as generous and sincere on the part of the critic as it was well merited by the author. So far from presuming upon it, Read's modest and unassuming disposing rather shrank from and regretted it, and its only effect seems to have been to encourage his fine natural powers to a wider and freer range than any previously attempted. In our judgment, "The New Pastoral" is a proper response to this repeated demand. It is not our purpose to enter into a minute analysis of the peculiarities of Read's poetic abilities. That has already been accomplished by experienced and able judges on both sides of the Atlantic, and his reputation as a leading American poet is securely established. While persuaded that this, his most extended and elaborate work, cannot but add to his fame in the estimation of the discriminating professional critic, we have a strong faith that its happy selection of familiar subjects treated in a style of fresh, natural simplicity and fine poetic finish, must ensure it not only a cordial welcome to the homes and firesides of the numerous influential and intelligent class whose daily pursuits and innocent pastimes it more especially portrays, but also must awaken the poetic taste and win the admiration of the general reader. Our design in this brief article is simply to present a faint outline of the general plan of the volume, and to give expression to some of the delightful emotions which its perusal has created.

The title, "The New Pastoral," conveys with it a general idea of its character ; it has about it a fresh and dewy sensation, breathing of the summer fields, and calling up to the mind's eye a series of rural views, a sort of landscape panorama. It is a picture of the entire pastoral life, as well on the farm as in the forest, and on the prairie of the new in contradistinction to that of the old world, and while accurate and minute in detail, faithful to nature, and true to the realities of life which it describes, bears on every page the strong marks of the poet's creative power and artistic skill.

A native of Chester County, where his youth was passed,

Read has retained his local attachments and early love of the country, and with the fervant zeal of a lover, paints in "The New Pastoral" the pleasures and pursuits of the daily life of an intelligent moral people, their habits and characters, their varied labors and innocent amusements, as learned from actual observation and experience. To those of us who are residents of the city, and active participants in its busy life, whose early years have been passed in the rural districts, the perusal of this volume will awaken joyous recollections of a thousand familiar scenes and occurrences, while its many poetic beauties, fresh and natural style, so free from any straining after mere effect, so chaste, classical and pure, must appeal with great force to the taste and sentiment of the entire reading community, whether of town or country. The scene of the poem is not confined to the old districts adjacent to Philadelphia, but the period of time selected being about the year 1832, when the rage for emigration from the Eastern settlements to the far West prevailed so extensively, the community of Hazeldell, whose peaceful life he describes, became affected by it, and the author transfers his principal characters to the wilderness beyond the Ohio, where they realize all the difficulties, dangers and excitements incident to a border life, in their battle with the primeval woods and introduction of civilization.

Of this phase of rural life Read was also an eye-witness in his early youth. The departure from the old homes, the journey over the mountains, the descent of the Ohio, the inroads of civilization upon the wild domain of the forest, the toilsome labors of the pioneers and the wild sports of the frontier are all graphically and naturally delineated. While "The New Pastoral" is thus composed chiefly of varying views of rural life it is diversified with much of a different character which cannot fail to please the fancy, instruct the mind and improve the heart of the reader of all classes. It abounds in glowing descriptions of American scenery, paints the varied beauties of our changing seasons, manifests a grateful recognition and appreciation of the sufferings and services of the patriots of the Revolution, evinces a just and becoming pride in our marvelous progress as a nation, glows with a fervent, national political sentiment, and inculcates the purest sentiments of charity, morality and religion.

H. C. T.

In reviewing the above article, written in 1855, it occurs to the writer in 1889 to call attention to the remarkable predictions expressed in Book 34th of the Poem. The movement of the story places some of its prominent characters in the then (1832) remote wilderness of the far West, and the following extract

furnishes a prophetic picture of what has since been realized in the now populous State of Illinois. When it is borne in mind that this poem was written from 1850 to 1854, depicting a condition of things existing some twenty years previously, the prophetic vision of the city of Chicago and the elevation of the immortal Lincoln, "The great statesman from the ranks of toil," is certainly remarkable, and gives to Read, in addition to his distinction as Painter, Poet and Patriot, that also of Prophet.

"Afar the woods before the vision flies,
 Swift as a shadow o'er the meadow grass .
 Chased by the sunshine.—And a realm of farms
 O'erspreads the country wide, where many a spire
 Springs in the valleys and on distant hills—
 The watch-towers of the land. Here quiet herds
 Shall crop the ample pasture, and on slopes
 Doze through the summer noon.—While every beast
 Which prowls a terror to the frontier fold
 Shall only live in some remembered tale
 Told by tradition in the lighted hall
 When the red grate usurps the wooded hearth.
 Here shall the city spread its noisy streets,
 And groaning steamers chafe along the wharves—
 While hourly o'er the plain with streaming plume,
 Like a swift herald bringing news of peace,
 The rattling train shall fly ; and from the East,
 E'en from the Atlantic to the new-found shores
 Where far Pacific rolls in storm or rest
 Washing his sands of gold, the arrowy track
 Shall stretch its iron bond through all the land.
 Then these interior plains shall be as they
 Which hear the ocean roar. And Northern lakes
 Shall bear their produce and return their wealth,
 And Mississippi, father of the floods,
 Perform their errands to the Mexic Gulf,
 And send them back the tropic bales and fruits.
 Then shall the generations musing here
 Dream of the troublous days before their time—
 And antiquarians point the very spot
 Where rose the first rude cabin, and the space
 Where stood the forest chapel with its graves,
 And where the earliest marriage rites were said.
*Here, in the middle of the nation's arms,
 Perchance the mightiest inland mart shall spring—
 Here the great statesman from the ranks of toil
 May rise with judgment clear, as strong as wise,
 And with a well-directed patriot blow
 Reclinch the rivets in our union bands
 Which tinkering knaves have striven to set ajar."*

H. C. T.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ AND HIS WORKS.

Read was a man of genius, and as his memory largely belongs to Cincinnati, we should feel that something is lost of which we have none too much. Genius is a rare quality, and, like angel visits, few and far between are those who can lay claim to its possession. After knowing a great many noted characters in science, literature, and politics, I could not recall a dozen men of genius—and they are not the men to whom the world has intrusted its wealth or its honors. In fact, the world would rather do without genius—for genius is a thing it does not comprehend. It is puzzled with a rare form of the human mind. Genius cannot be classified. If it produces a very useful machine, or a wonderful novel—like Walter Scott's—the world sees the results, uses them, and admires them; but it does not comprehend what it calls the “eccentricities” of genius, or its soaring above the common level, or its flights of fancy; nor does it much admire them, for things like these cannot be “utilized.” Genius always imports something creative or inventive, and is not the mere sensibility to beauty which is common to large numbers of people. Raphael paints a wonderfully beautiful picture. Tens of thousands of people are sensible of its beauty, but not one can paint it. So there is the same difference between genius and art. Pope, speaking of the *Iliad*, says: “Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist.” But there is something in real genius beyond this. It is the breadth and strength of mind which enable the man to take hold of almost anything successfully. I said that Read was a genius; and if you will consider that he was a poet, a painter, a writer, and a talker, not inferior to any, and in poetry and painting really superior, you will feel that he was one of those rare men of whom it is no misnomer to say that they were men of genius. For myself, it was a pleasure to know him and a pride to feel that he was one of my countrymen. He came when a youth on some business to my home, and, although scarcely knowing what to do, he was evidently one of those bright beings whom God sometimes permits us to see, breaking through the clods of earth like the winged insects plumed for the upper air. At the distance of more than twenty years from that time I met him in one of the pleasantest gatherings in my memory—on the grounds of Fort Ancient. He told stories, joked, and talked in a way that was truly genial, and excited the spirits and made the pleasure of the party. In the meantime he had entered on a career and performed works which will be better known in the next generation than they are in this. Painting was his real triumph, but he was by no means

the first artist who has excelled in other things than his profession. The character of Read's genius was discursive and fanciful. He liked painting, but he did not like that laborious application to it which is as necessary in that as in any business. He was one of the best portrait painters, especially of women, among them of whom we know anything. He was not up to Jarvis and Sully, and who is? But those who have any of Read's portraits had better keep them. They will not be worth less hereafter. He might have made portrait painting a profitable business, but his heart was not in it. He delighted in giving his fancy play, and hence his forte was fancy painting, in distinction from the portrait or landscape. He was in fact a poet, and, being such, he put poetry into his painting. I think few, if any, of that class of his paintings are in Cincinnati. Philadelphia was his great patron, and there, doubtless, may be found, in private galleries, some of Read's beautiful and exquisitely finished paintings, conceived by fancy and executed by art. Posterity will delight to look upon them, and will place them in the best galleries of modern art. Read, like other gifted American artists, felt it most profitable to be in Italy; for, by usage if not by merit, Rome and Florence have become the great art markets, where the wealthy amateurs go to buy what they think the world approves of in painting and sculpture. The man who intends to put ten thousand dollars in paintings does not like to be laughed at for buying daubs. Hence, like the celebrated Potiphar, he goes to Rome, or Florence, to get a chef d'oeuvre, which, if he does not get, he, nevertheless, stands a fair chance to get something pretty good. Hence our artists go there for a market. Read found Italy very agreeable, and no doubt got good prices for his work, for we know he got very good prices for some of his paintings in Philadelphia.

But Read, as we have said, was a poet, and a poet some of whose productions are quite as likely to live as those which the public may now think more of. Longfellow and Bryant are the only men in our country who have produced as perfect and polished a poem as two or three of Read's. A fine edition of his poems was published by Lippincott, in Philadelphia, and they are widely known through the country. The larger poems are the "House by the Sea," "Pastoral," and the "Wild Wagoner of the Alleghenies." The smaller ones are very numerous and upon various subjects. The "House by the Sea" is not remarkable for anything; but Read, no doubt, thought that the "Pastoral" would be his great work; and there is much in it of the very best quality, whether of sense or poetry; but if there be anything certain in the history of poetry, it is that mankind are not very fond of pastorals. Two-thirds of our race are engaged in rural occupations; yet, for some reason, we neither create nor

fancy much poetry in that line. I doubt whether the greatest of human geniuses could make much poetry out of the Garden of Eden, except in the very light which Milton chose, when the pioneer inhabitants were driven out with the devil behind and the Angel of Light before !

The poem on which Read will live (except the "Closing Scene") is the "Wild Wagoner of the Alleghenies." In every aspect, whether of poetry, romance or history, this is a poem of genius and of great interest. "Sir Hugh" is the heir of Berkeley Hall; and as such (the scene being on the Schuylkill, in the beginning of the Revolution) is a Tory, loyal to the crown of Great Britain, and hateful of all young patriots; the younger brother is a person of totally different temperature and principles. So he leaves Berkeley Hall, and becomes the "Wild Wagoner of the Alleghenies," who reappears on the scene at the crisis of the Revolution. There is, of course, a young girl (who is the heiress of Berkeley), and a lover. The working of all this up to the final catastrophe, and the characters of the several parties, are admirable, and Mr. Read has the honor of being the only man in America who has dared, and that successfully, to tread the ground of Walter Scott in his poetry and romance upon the borders of Scotland; and he has done it successfully. Of course, the scenery and the characters must be different; but in that consisted Read's genius and success. The Montrose and Claverhouse of Scotland could not be repeated, but the Whig and Tory, fighting out substantially the same battle on American soil, could be, and Read has done it admirably.

But Read has done more than this. He has produced one perfect poem, and this is what some celebrated poets of the world have not been able to do. One of the English minor poets has been made immortal in literature by producing a small but perfect poem. This is "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard." This is probably the most perfect poem in our language—that is, the one which is least subject to criticism or objection. If any one were to ask whether Gray was the greatest poet in England, he would be answered, "No." There are Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, to say nothing of others. Yes, but who is likely to live longer than Gray in the annals of poetry? Nobody. Thus we see that it is not the size of the poem, nor even the sublimity of its subject, which secures the lasting admiration of mankind. It is rather the perfection of the whole subject—in thought, manner, rhythm, ideas and music—which seems to satisfy the human mind, and go with it through the ages of human memory. In this view, the "Closing Scene" of Read is one of the perfect poems. It has neither more nor less than what it ought to have. It is exactly true in the description. It abounds with familiar images, and it is, in verse and rhythm, as harmonious and melo-

dious as "Gray's Elegy." The British critic said there was one verse not true to nature; but this showed at once the difference between the natural aspect of England and America, for the verse was exactly descriptive of Ohio, but was not of England. It was this, descriptive of October in Ohio:

The embattled forests, ere while armed in gold,
 Their banners bright with every martial hue,
 Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

The English critic said the forest did not appear in "banners bright with every martial hue," and in England it does not; but in Ohio it does. The description is exact as I have seen it when a boy, on the hills of Belmont County. The long, rolling hills there were then covered with the forest, and in the first of October they stood embattled, "their banners bright with every martial hue." Read had a keen perception of the beauties of nature, and its ordinary operations; but then, as it was, it seems to have been a piece of good fortune—a happy hit—by which the "Closing Scene," so perfect in thought, image and rhythm, was produced.

In contrast with this it seems sad, and even unnatural, to see Read cut off while yet comparatively young—while the aged widow closes her peaceful life—after age has fulfilled all its duties, the summer has closed, and the glorious foliage of autumn hung its drapery around her. We should rather have wished for him the fortunate life of the poet Rogers, and then the quiet death of the widow.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed.
 Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;
 And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
 While Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

But poets seldom have such a fate. Genius dies young; and the very acuteness and sensibility of mind, which are the aids of creative power, often feather the arrows of death.

Morrow, May 15, 1872

E. D. MANSFIELD.

Mr. Read's poems are remarkable for their exquisite delicacy, and his paintings exhibit the same beautiful characteristic. "Sheridan's Ride" and some other kindred productions of his pen and pencil are only brilliant exceptions to this general rule. Like the lovely landscapes of Italy, his works all seem to be invested with a dreamy atmosphere, which softens and refines, without impairing the vividness of their beauty. He probably

excelled all other artists of the present period, in what may be termed the Poetry of Painting—in his ability to embody on canvas his most ethereal conceptions. His taste as a colorist was almost faultless. He combined the richest tints in perfect harmony. His paintings are always bright, often gorgeous, but never glaring. Full of fancy, they suggest even more than they portray, and even inspire us with pure and pleasant thoughts.

FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

[From the *Evening Bulletin*, Phila.]

“DRIFTING.”

THE TRUE HISTORY OF READ'S POEM.

Some weeks ago the “Times” published this popular lyric, making the selection probably from the last edition of his works (Lippincott's 3 vols. of 1868). As the poem thus published was incomplete, lacking a verse added by the poet after its original publication, the writer of this article, in a communication to the “Times,” published March 30th, enclosed the additional verse descriptive of Sorrento, with the statement that the poem was written by Read while on a visit to Brooklyn on a stormy Sunday, and while suffering under a severe attack of influenza, and before he had ever seen the Bay of Naples, which it describes so felicitously, except in his mind's eye. While thus suffering physically, and depressed by the gloomy weather, he thought how different must be the sensations of one floating at will in midsummer on the Bay of Naples. His fertile imagination transported him, in fancy, to that charming locality, as seen in the radiant beauty of its summer glory, and under these inspiring influences this justly favorite poem was written. When he subsequently visited Naples, and observed all its natural features, he realized that, full of accurate description as was the poem, it was still incomplete in making no allusion to Sorrento. He then composed the following verse:

“In lofty lines
Mid palms and pines,
And aloes, olives, elms and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings,”

which properly finds its place as the fourth verse in the poem.

In the "Times" of the next day appeared a communication, signed "J. B.," in which the writer questions the correctness of the above statement, and says: "According to Mr. James E. Murdoch, 'Drifting' was written in 1861, and on a certain autumn evening of that year, while Read and Murdoch were returning to Boston, after a visit to Longfellow." This, if it were true, would be a remarkable performance.

How could the poem be written while returning to Boston from a visit to Longfellow? Does "J. B." mean to say that it was repeated by the poet to his friend, the actor, while thus walking together? But this point is immaterial.

The object of this communication is merely to verify the writer's assertion as to the time and manner of the composition of the poem as originally written, and also of the additional "Sorrento" verse, which will show the mistake of "J. B.," or of his authority, Mr. Murdoch.

From letters of Read's, in the writer's possession, it is sufficiently established that he left this country for Europe in June, 1860, and did not return until November, 1861, and went directly to Cincinnati and did not visit Boston until after New Year, 1862. When in Cincinnati, in the winter of 1861-2, he visited his friend Murdoch and read to him his then new poem, "The Wild Wagoner," from which Mr. Murdoch soon after began to read extracts to the public in his patriotic entertainments for the benefit of the Union soldiers. In point of fact, "Drifting" was written in March, 1859, and appears (anonymously) in "The Atlantic" of April, 1859 (p. 393, vol. 3). Hence it was not very new in the autumn of 1861, as stated by "J. B."

As another fact, the writer states, from an intimate personal acquaintance with Read and from a constant and uninterrupted correspondence with him during his frequent visits to Europe, that, although he did visit Italy in 1850, and again in 1853 and 1856, residing at first in Florence and subsequently in Rome, he did not visit Naples until February, 1868. Although quite confident of the correctness of his statements in all respects, the writer, desiring to have his recollections confirmed, addressed a note to Mrs. Read, who is now residing in this city, and whose sympathy with and appreciation of her husband's literary and artistic work have always been active and intelligent. She writes as follows:

"In regard to 'Drifting,' it was written one stormy Sunday, in Brooklyn, while we were on a visit to my mother. It was in March, 1859, and if I remember correctly, it appeared in the April number of the 'Atlantic Monthly,' and yet it may not have been published till the following April. Mr. Read had never seen the 'Bay of Naples' when he wrote the poem. He visited Naples for the first time in February, 1868. I was with him,

and we went to see the eruption of Vesuvius. I shall never forget his great delight and enjoyment at seeing and sailing on that beautiful bay, and how pleased he was that his poem was so truthful. We visited Naples again in 1870, and he then added to his poem the verse:

In lofty lines, etc.

"Last year when Messrs. Lippincott & Co. were getting out the little book 'Drifting,' I wrote and enclosed them the verse, and asked them to insert it.

"Mr. Read, as you well know, lived for years in Italy before he ever visited Rome. It was not until after the death of his wife and youngest daughter, in 1855, that Rome became his home. His son died in 1853 and his oldest daughter in 1870. In 1861 we were living in Rome, Mr. Read writing his 'Wagoner.' The breaking out of the war caused us to return, in the November of that year. These are the facts, and you see you were quite right in your statement."

As additional corroborative evidence, the following extract from one of the regular letters of Miss Anne H. Brewster, the Roman correspondent of the "Bulletin" which appeared in that paper in the month of July, 1870, is appended:

"Buchanan Read, the painter-poet, is another remarkable man in the Roman art circle. He divides his time between his two pursuits. Unlike most literary men, he is an early riser. He goes to bed betimes and is awake with the birds. At four o'clock, summer and winter, he is at his desk, writes until seven, then breakfasts and goes to his studio. In winter he paints all day and returns home to dine at dusk. His wife reads aloud to him until nine o'clock, when he goes to bed. At the head of his bed, fastened to the wall, is a large slate, a pencil hanging on a cord beside it. In the night—for Read is a light sleeper—the slate is at hand to use for quick passing thoughts and fancies. His wife copied from it for me, the other day, the new verse which he had lately added to his popular lyric, 'Drifting.' Read wrote 'Drifting' fifteen (more probably ten) years ago, before he had visited Naples and the bay which the poem describes. Since then he has been there and discovered that his poem needed, to make the landscape complete, one more chord—another bit of harmonious coloring—a description of Sorrento. As the verse is entirely new and has never been published, I am glad to have the chance of sending it to you."

From these authorities it sufficiently appears:

First—That "Drifting" was originally written in March, 1859, and appeared in "The Atlantic" for April of that year.

Second—That it was written before the author had ever seen the Bay of Naples.

Third—That the verse descriptive of Sorrento was written in 1870, after Read had made his second visit to the Bay of Naples.

It may be mentioned also as a fact within the writer's knowledge, and as showing the industry of this gifted son of genius, that another of his popular poems, "Brushwood," was written on the same day as "Drifting," one being the work of the morning and the other of the afternoon.

It only remains to add that the only complete copy of "Drifting" to be found in print is Lippincott's illustrated "Christmas" edition of 1880 of that single poem.

April 8, 1881.

H. C. T.

Philadelphia, April 1st, 1860.

My Dear Dreer: In answer to your kind inquiry about the poem called "Drifting" there is not much to be said in regard to the circumstances under which it was written; and those circumstances would scarcely seem to the casual reader to be very conducive to the poetic mood. But the weavers of verse produce their best fabrics frequently under the most apparently inauspicious surroundings, while on the contrary they very often remain entirely mute among the scenes and influences which would naturally be thought the most favorable.

The mind of the poet is something like the mocking bird—it is silent while taking in the material for its future song—and it is chiefly when shut in and free from external influences that it gives utterance to the music which was stored away in the heart in more favorable moments. The poem in question was the product of a most dreary day, while I was weather-bound in my room in Brooklyn during the winter of 1859. The raw gusty wind was driving the sleet against my window, and I was in one of those melancholy moods when it seemed that the freezing breath of the world was blowing its unsympathizing gusts against the very windows of my heart. In this state of mind my thoughts wandered away to Italy, and my imagination found relief in picturing scenes the very reverse of those with which I was surrounded, and thus almost before I was aware of it the poem entitled "Drifting" was written.

Always yours most truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

[From the *Public Ledger*.]

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THE STORY OF THE IMMORTAL POEM AND ITS BRILLIANT AUTHOR. T. BUCHANAN READ.

Mr. Editor : As your correspondent, "L. D.," gives an entirely different account of the origin of "Sheridan's Ride" from that believed to be the truth in our city, I take the liberty to enclose a copy of that part of the original article, published in the "Cincinnati Commercial Gazette" in July last, which pertains to the point in controversy.

While collecting the facts, I visited the house and the room in which the poem was written, and took especial pains to be accurate by consulting personages who knew the parties participant. I believe that I can make good my claim to historical accuracy by depositions if necessary.

Alas ! that interest in this subject should be deepened by the spectacle passing before us—Sheridan advancing "On steed as black as the steeds of night" to that dark encounter from which none ever returns victorious.

Colonel Teetor's account of the origin of the poem :

"Sheridan's Ride" was composed by Thomas Buchanan Read, Monday, November 1st, 1864, in the front room of the three-story brick building, yet standing, in Cincinnati, and known as No. 49 West Eighth Street, then occupied by Mr. Cyrus Garrett, brother-in-law of Mr. Read. "Probably no household in the West," wrote Mr. E. D. Grafton (the eminent artist and devoted professional friend of Read's, in an article contributed to the "Boston Traveller"), "was ever honored with a more intellectual array of genius, representing the army and navy, the bench and the bar, authors, poets, actors and artists than were frequently gathered at dinner-parties and for social conversation beneath the roof of Mr. Garrett's home."

The evening of that day had been set apart for an ovation to Prof. James E. Murdoch, which took place in Pike's Opera House.

Mr. Grafton and Mr. Garrett, who were neighbors and friends, met on the corner of Walnut and Seventh Streets on the morning of that day. Grafton had just come out of a periodical store on Walnut Street. Garrett was on his way to his place of business near by on Seventh Street, from which he returned soon after to his breakfast. Grafton had in his hand a copy of "Harper's Weekly," which contained the picture of "Sheridan's Ride to the Front," by Nast. After a few words of conversation

about the stirring illustration Grafton gave the paper to Garrett, which the latter took to his residence upon his return to breakfast. Prof. Murdoch was a guest of Garrett and took breakfast at Garrett's house that morning, when the subject of the celebrated ride, as thus illustrated, came up, Read also being present.

The following is Professor Murdoch's own account of the conversation, as reported for the "Commercial" and told upon the stage that evening by way of a prelude to reciting the poem, manuscript in hand :

"During the morning a friend with whom I was conversing happened to pick up the last issue of 'Harper's Weekly,' on the title page of which was a picture of Sheridan. 'There is a poem in that picture,' said my friend, and, continuing, said : 'Suppose I have one written for you to read to-night ?' I replied, I shall not have time to look it over and catch its inner meaning and beauties ; and, besides, I am not in the habit of reading at night a poem written in the morning of the same day."

Now, that friend was Garrett, who had previously familiarly said to his brother-in-law, "Buck, there is a poem in that picture," and to which Read replied : "Do you suppose I can write a poem to order, just as you would go to Sprague's and order a coat ?"

After this conversation at the breakfast table, at Garrett's house, Read and Murdoch parted. Read sought his room, in the third story of that now historical house, leaving Murdoch to his preparations for the evening's entertainment, for General Hooker was to present him with a flag, and the Professor's beautiful response thereto was the subject then of his mental preoccupation.

Upon retiring to his room Read said to his understanding wife: "Hattie, do not let me be interrupted. I am not to be called even if the house takes fire." During the forenoon he called for a cup of strong tea, and then resumed his pen. About noon his work was done. The poem was given to his accomplished wife to copy, while Read at once left home, and, going over to the studio of his friend, in company with Theodore R. Davis, the artist, said : "Grafton, my boy, I have just written something fresh, hot from the oven, and left Murdoch down on the floor committing it for recitation to-night."

But to "trace home to its cloud this lightning of the mind" one must consider both the picture and the "Harper" editorial upon "Phil Sheridan's Ride to the Front." Read took the paper to his room and there read these striking passages : "The General was at Winchester in the early morning when the enemy attacked—fifteen miles distant from the field of operations ;" and "This was the situation a little before noon, when

Sheridan came on the field riding so that the devil himself could not have kept up with him."

The poem was, therefore, in the picture and the prose. Nast made the picture. Who wrote that editorial?

Concerning the reception of that poem, as inimitably read by Prof. Murdoch, the "Commercial's" report was: "Peal after peal of enthusiasm punctuated the last three glowing verses. So long and loud was the applause at its end that Mr. Murdoch was recalled to the footlights, and Mr. Read only escaped the congratulations of the audience by refusing to respond, as he could not adequately do, so he seemed to think, to the clamorous utterances of his name."

"In conversation with Read," said Mr. Grafton to the writer, "I once ventured to say, Read, did you take nothing but a pot of black tea into your room when you invoked the muse for 'Sheridan's Ride?' To my surprise, in a most unexpected placid manner, he said, 'I took nothing else but that. Let me confess to you a fact: I can do nothing with the pen unless I am clear-headed. I know,' he continued, 'that poem, with its faults, came from no inspiration of the bottle. I would like, however, to have corrected some of those faults, but Bayard Taylor advised me not to allow the least change or emendation, but to let it stand as written.' The wisdom of this advice insured its acceptance, and, if I mistake not, it now stands word for word as the muse gave it, nothing to add or to subtract, with, fortunately, no admiralty censorship as happened to be once, over the Poet Laureate of England, to order (which had to be complied with) the erasure of the line 'Some one had blundered' from Tennyson's 'Charge of Balaklava.' Continuing, he said: 'They may talk what they choose about Byron, Burns, Poe and others writing so finely under the influence of drink, but I don't believe a word of it. If the tongue wags the brain lags when much drink has been indulged in, for then I have discovered that I am just about as dumb as a Prince's Bay oyster.'"

Not long before "death bowed to him his sable plume," Read thus wrote to his friend, Henry C. Townsend, Esq., of Philadelphia:

"I want to tell you now and solemnly that a deep sense of my duty to my God, as well as to my fellow-man, has gradually been descending upon me, and it is to me a source of infinite pleasure that I can look back upon all the poetry I have ever written and find it contains no line breathing a doubt upon the Blessed Trinity and the great redemption of man. When I have written my verses I have been alone with my soul and with God, and not only dared not lie, but the inspiration of the truth was to me so beautiful that no unworthy thought dared obtrude itself upon the page. This was entirely owing to the goodness of God,

who saw what was to be, and saved me from subsequent mortification and regret."

This, then, was the inspiration of "Sheridan's Ride," and that other melodious singing which Longfellow heard years before it reached the ear of the "still discordant wavering multitudes." For the gifted Read once said, "Indeed I know how happy Mr. Longfellow made me when he familiarly patted me on the shoulder at Cambridge, and told me to sing away, for at some near future the public would find me out."

And when statues of that black charger and his rider

———"Are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American Soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name,"

somewhere should be graven the name of the patriot-poet, Thomas Buchanan Read.

HENRY DUDLEY TEETOR,
Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. V.

Cincinnati, June 9, 1888.

PATRIOTIC ADDRESSES.

[From the Reports of the *Cincinnati Gazette* and the *Commercial*.]

On the evening of March 10th, 1863, Mr. Read addressed the Army of the Cumberland, at Murfreesborough, Tenn., as follows:

MR. READ'S REMARKS.

Soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland—Some of you have been under the gloomy impression that you were not supported by public sentiment in the North. You had some right to think so after the course of the so-called Democratic party. They have deceived you as they have deceived many others. Some of us foolishly fancied that after their victories last autumn, they would go into this war and prosecute it vigorously, and finish it, and thereby get the glory, and so reinstate themselves. I thought I saw a gleam of light through the dark wilderness, but it was only the false phosphorescent light which illumines anything entirely rotten.

It was not the people whom you heard uttering words of discouragement. It was the lamentations of the long-eared kind, but half-disguised in the lionskin of the old Democratic party—the few worn-out political hacks, who can only be coaxed forward by a handful of Government hay. Having lost sight of that, they find themselves reduced to a diet of very dry thistles, and go about braying with bleeding mouths. (Laughter.) But the Conscription Act will put them into the traces. (Great applause.) We do not propose to let the honest Union patriots of the country go on fighting to defend the lives and property of these traitors at home; nor allow them to remain behind, working mischief against you, and, by mean insinuations and treasonous lies, lead you, who are so far away, fighting the battles of freedom, to believe that you are not supported, and warmly supported, at home. (Cheers.) Could you have seen the demonstrations which have lately been made by our loyal people, indorsing the noble resolutions of the Army of the Cumberland, it would have made your hearts glad, and you would no longer have believed that the great mass of your countrymen in the North were disaffected. It was to get you to believe so that the few traitors of the North worked so industriously to undermine your faith in the people at home, and thereby weaken your arm and discour-

age your heart in the hour of battle. Could Jeff Davis ask any more fiendish co-operators than these? What should be done with such creatures? What would you do with any emissary of the bogus Confederacy, if you should find him prowling from camp to camp, and from tent to tent, igniting the fires of discontent? What would be his fate? (Cries of "hang him.") You have a military law which answers the question.

Soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland—Just such emissaries have been stealing through your ranks. They have crouched by your camp fires, and breathed, like the old copperhead of Eden, insidious poison into the ears of pure patriots, and, by their lies, have endeavored to distribute the bitter apples of discord. I do not mean to say that they have been in your midst in person. They did not dare that, for traitors are cowards. They came to you in poisonous sheets of paper—sometimes in letters, but chiefly in print. They fancied they had produced the desired effect—that they had sown the bitter seeds of dissension among you. Thank God, they were mistaken. (Great cheering.) The man who would attempt to weaken your faith in this holy cause is a traitor to his Creator and his race. He insults the memory of those to whom you owe your liberties. He insults the gray hairs of your fathers and mothers. He insults your wives and your daughters—those noble women who daily and nightly send up their prayers to the God of battle to nerve your hearts and strengthen your arms, and thus to give success to our cause, and in the end to welcome you to the sacred firesides of a restored Union and an invincible nation. (Cheers.) I say again, thank God, the sympathizers with treason mistook their power. When your noble resolutions swept over the land, in which you boldly told the traitors in your rear that their case would be attended to, the copperheads crawled back into their holes, remembering the language of Scripture, that "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." (Cheers and loud laughter.) At the reading of those resolutions the great mass of the people throughout the North sprung to their feet and shouted for joy. Those burning sentences of yours passed like fiery torches from hill to hill, and illumined every valley in the land. They created an enthusiasm and outburst of patriotism only equalled at the time of the attack on Sumter. (Tremendous applause.) You should have witnessed, as I did, the great mass meeting held in Cincinnati to respond to your noble sentiments. It filled Pike's Opera House to overflowing. Thousands crowded that spacious building, and thousands went away unable to enter, disappointed, of course, but still glad that the city could show such enthusiasm. They went away singing and shouting your praises, and the name of Rosecrans was loud upon their lips. (Loud cheers.) A part adjourned to another hall, where

they heard patriotic speeches and gave vent to their patriotic sentiments. The Opera House was filled to an extent never known before. Every possible inch of the floor was occupied. Brave men with glowing hearts stood there, packed together for six hours, and never once turned their wistful eyes to the door. There was no interruption, except that of applause at the mention of our army and its officers or some other patriotic sentiment, or groans and hisses at any reference to your enemies. Such noble patriots as Stanberry, Grosebeck, Governors Morton, Tod, Wright, Dennison and Gen. Lew Wallace held that immense audience enchained with their eloquence until after midnight, and the people went home feeling that they could breathe more freely, and that the copperheads had been pretty well flattened out. (Applause.) The same feeling was manifested a few days after, at Indianapolis. Thirty thousand of the loyal people filled the State-house yard to listen to the burning eloquence of Gov. Johnson and others. The meeting lasted all day, and several halls were crowded in the evening, and large meetings were held in the open air. I tell you, it is not safe for any one now to plot treason against the Government, or to speak lightly of our armies. The demonstrations which I have been telling you of are not confined to Cincinnati and Indianapolis. They are being repeated all through the great North-west, and all these glorious meetings were and are being assembled to indorse your noble resolutions, your bravery, and the confidence of our people in your gallant General. On the day following the convention at Indianapolis, the thousands dispersed for their various homes feeling that, in spite of the "Golden Circle," the State of Indiana was not only safe, but sound to the core, and the jubilant expressions on their lips were: "God bless the Union! God bless her defenders! God bless the State of Indiana! God bless Governor Morton!" (Tremendous cheering.)

In this connection let me read you a letter from the Governor of Indiana:

"T. Buchanan Read:

"Dear Sir: As you are about to visit the troops in the Department of the Cumberland, and will probably see most of the officers and men of the army serving under General Rosecrans, I beg you will say to them, should the opportunity offer, a word of good cheer and kindly greeting in my behalf, assuring them of my deep solicitude for the welfare and for the success of the great cause in which they are engaged. I would have these brave men, who have already sacrificed so much, and whose lives are devoted to the honor and interests of our beloved country, know that, despite the efforts of traitorous sympathizers, they are not forgotten by the honest and loyal people of

Indiana, who are determined that the army of the Union shall be sustained through all vicissitudes, and at all hazards.

"Wishing you a safe and pleasant journey, I am, my dear sir,

Very sincerely yours,

"O. P. MORTON."

(Thundering cheers for Governor Morton.)

After this, will any disloyal man attempt to dissuade you from your duty? Will he dare offer you his hand? Will he dare distribute among you the lying sheets of the North? Will he continue to try and whisper in your ear that you are fighting for the "nigger?" (Sensation.) They have basely insulted you—you, who are pouring out your blood for the Union, by even the insinuation—you who are endeavoring to preserve the temple of human liberty which our fathers built. What is the whole African race worth compared with the preservation of that temple and the welfare of the human race? Nothing. If slavery impedes your course, clear it away, as you would a forest or so much dead wood. Sweep on, and if the safety of the Union requires it make a desert of the whole Southern land. (Enthusiastic applause.) Sweep everything before you. Clear the old vessel of the rats, which are gnawing at her timbers. Smoke them out with your powder, and thereby save this great ship of the Union. (Enthusiastic cheers.) The sympathizers with treason tell you when this war is over, you will have to associate with the negro, and admit him as your equal—that he will come in competition with you in the field of labor. Here again they argue falsely. Let us once clean out slavery, if need be, from the warm fields of the South, and as surely as water runs down hill, to find its level, just so surely there will be a negro exodus from the North, and the South will swarm with dusky hands, ready to labor for a fair compensation. (Applause.)

Instead of having to admit the negro as your equal when this war is over, the rebels and traitors are the ones who will claim, as they always have claimed to be, not only your equals, but your superiors. You are the mudsills! they are the chivalry! (Derisive laughter and applause.) I say to you that I would rather associate with the blackest man living, who is true to the Union, than with Jeff Davis. I prefer very much Othello to Iago. (Loud cheers.) I have never been an Abolitionist. On the contrary, I have said that if American liberty was to be sacrificed it would be crucified between two ultras—the ultra North and the ultra South. But I now believe that one of those ultras will yet sit at the right hand of Freedom in the paradise of a restored Union, and I cannot believe the fire-eater will be the favored one. (Cheers.)

Let me assure you again that the people of the North are with you. You shall have all which can add to your comfort or your power. You shall have fresh recruits to fill your broken regiments. I say this advisedly. I know the spirit of the people.

There is one want I regret to find here, which should be and must be supplied. I mean the want of music. It was a short-sighted policy which deprived you of your bands. They might almost as well have deprived you of your colors, or forbidden you to shout as you rushed into battle, or deprived you of any other privilege which is inspiring. Who ever heard of an army before this winning such victories as you have done without the inspiring strains of music? You have marched nobly—fought bravely without this adjunct—and yet I know you would have been happier, your fatigues lighter, your marches seemingly shorter, and your privations less felt, could your hearts have beaten time and your feet have kept pace to the sounding pulse of music.

The people thank you, soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland, for your endurance and noble self-sacrifice, and it will not be their fault if all your wants are not supplied. It will not be their fault if hereafter you march only to the patriotic beatings of your own hearts! And now, Volunteers of the Army of the Cumberland, as you have no bands of your own, let me drop a few lines of verse into your hearts to help fill the place, so far as they can, of music. I would they were better, more worthy the sacred cause, and, being better, more worthy, that I had a clarion voice to ring them from camp to camp until they should encircle the whole army. (Cheers.)

Mr. Read recited some passages from the "Wild Wagoner," "The Defenders," and "The Oath," all of which were received with the warmest enthusiasm.

[From the *Indianapolis Journal*.]

REMARKS OF READ, THE POET.

After Gov. Johnson, T. Buchanan Read, the poet, was introduced by Gov. Wright, and was warmly greeted. He said:

My Countrymen—I do not come before you as an orator. (Turning to Gov. Johnson.) I am no orator, as Brutus is, else would I put tongues into the wounds of this bleeding nation which should cry aloud for vengeance. I am not a politician; I am, I hope, only a patriot, and I have endeavored to write some patriotic verses. While I have a patriotic pulse in my heart, that impulse shall find expression upon my lips, and I would that they might be words of fire. He wisely spake who said, "Let

me but write the songs of a nation, and let who will enact the laws." I have not the vanity to suppose that I can write the songs of this nation, but I am one who is willing to do his best towards filling the air with patriotic lays, for there are babbling lips that should be filled with song, lest they breathe treason unaware.

When this unnatural rebellion broke out I was five thousand miles from here. I was standing among the ruins of the old Republic of Rome, my feet white with the dust of the palace of the Caesars—all Italy at that moment was clamoring for Union, from Alps to Aetna past me rolled the cry—that one word Union woke that antique land, and led her sons to triumph at the grave. At that same moment I fancied the setting sun blushed as it went sinking into the west over a nation nearly one half of which was clamoring for disunion. Could I remain there under such circumstances? No! My heart would have ceased to beat. I gave up everything to return to do the little I could for my country. What is painting worth among the ruined chambers of a nation? What would poetry be worth among the broken temples of human liberty?

If God has given me the power of song I will lift my voice in this cause—it is my country's cause—it is God's cause. If need be I will go like the Poet Körner with my war songs on my lips and my sword in my hand. I propose giving you one of those war songs.

The poet then read a poem, written, as he said, for a Fourth of July celebration in Rome, entitled the "Defenders."

It was received with immense applause. Mr. Read then said:

My countrymen, I feel deeply on this subject. My father fought for this country.—This accursed rebellion has caused the death of my brother and my two nephews. I have a right to feel deeply, nay, bitterly, and in the bitterness of my feeling, I wrote the following poem.

Mr. Read then read "The Oath," every stanza of which was enthusiastically applauded and subscribed to.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Monday Morning, 13th December, 1880.

My Dear Mr. Townsend: I finished copying the letters a week ago and would have sent them to you before, only I wanted to bring them myself but the state of the weather forbids my going in town. I have copied all the letters you marked, with two or three exceptions. I put in the full names of persons that are mentioned, not knowing if you wished it or not, and thinking it would be easier to erase than to write them in. In regard to the MSS., I am sure that it requires no aid from either my mother or myself. I have read it attentively several times, and each time admire it more and more; and when I read over and see in every letter that Mr. Read has written you, his high appreciation of and perfect trust in your judgment, I think it would be presumption on my part to alter or add to a line of your composition. If there is anything more that I can do in the way of copying, I will be only too glad to help you. And now, my dear friend, let me thank you for the article you have written, every line of which bears the stamp of a warm and sincere affection for my dear husband. I shall try and see you some time during the week, and with my warmest regards, am

Most sincerely yours,

HARRIET DENISON READ.

Liverpool, Sept. 13th, 1850.

My Dear Mr. Dreer: You will doubtless think me very remiss not writing to you before to acknowledge the receipt of the pen. But the fact was that it arrived just in the midst of my preparations for Europe, and although I fully intended writing to you from day to day, I found that I had got to sea without doing it. The pen is truly magnificent, and I shall preserve it solely for poetical purposes, deeming it too sublime to be applied to every-day uses, the common goose-quill being good enough for that. Besides, I want to have it to say that I have never written anything with it less eloquent than my own poetry, though some of the critics may say that that is poor enough.

Well, if I can only get out thoughts in proportion to the pen I shall not be afraid of criticism. I will try and send you a manuscript copy of the first poem I write with it.

We arrived safely in England on the 5th of September after a somewhat perilous voyage. I shall be detained here in Liverpool a few weeks, and then shall go to Manchester to paint a picture or two, and then up to London to catch Tennyson if I can. If I don't succeed this time I will try again next summer, as I shall have some engagements here to fill then. You know one cannot stay the year round in Rome; therefore, instead of idling my time away at the usual resorts, I will come over to England and still keep the pencil moving.

I hope in the meantime to hear from you whenever you have the leisure. If I can serve you in any way always command me and believe me

Always yours most truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

P. S.—Please remember me most kindly to Mrs. Dreer and to Dr. Wells.

Ferdinand J. Dreer, Esq., Liberty Street,
Philadelphia, Pa., United States, America.

Florence, 27th of April, 1854.

My Dear Harry : I have been fully conscious, for the last several weeks, that I ought to write to you, but have procrastinated from day to day, in the hope that something new and interesting would happen. But I plainly see in this "dull piping time of war" if I wait for news, I shall run the risk of letting you forget me altogether. . . . At present the reigns of government are pretty much hanging loose about the streets, inasmuch as the Grand Duke took his carpet-bag in hand and went off to Vienna the other day to see the Emperor married. He made the people fork over four hundred thousand dollars to pay the expenses of this complimentary trip to Austria. War matters at present look a good deal mixed, and should Germany go the wrong way, i.e., with Russia, we shall probably have lively times here, in which case I think we would endeavor to "slide from under," and go perhaps to Rome or Paris. I trust that we may be left tranquil, for I would be sorry to be disturbed now that we find ourselves very comfortably situated. Since I wrote to you we have moved our quarters ; we are now on the same street and directly opposite to Mr. Powers, and within a few doors of my studio. By the way, in order to get a good studio,

and a garden for my children to play in, I have taken one end of an old convent, and have a delightful place ; the garden is altogether more desirable than the one I had in Bordentown, and is full of flowers of all kinds, grape-arbors and lemon and orange trees, all in magnificent luxuriance, not to mention the scorpions, which, inasmuch as I presume it does not contain over one million of these latter, and I have already killed twenty, I am not without hope may be exterminated, also the centipedes. These, I am happy to say, are too large to crawl into the ears, as tradition says they are in the habit of doing ; therefore we don't mind them so much. The scorpions are about as dangerous here as the common spider, and a good deal more timid ; they only sting when taken hold of. Therefore we are not frightened at the quantity. The birds keep up an almost deafening chorus for us in the garden during the day, and in a week or two the nightingales will take up "the wondrous tale" at night. Altogether, it is very delightful here. Until the last few days we have not had a drop of rain for four months, and flowers in abundance. I doubt if there is any city in the world where flowers are so plentiful as in this, which, taken together with the fact that they eat here a kind of bread called semilles, what more could a poet desire ? Semilles ! think of it ! Just now the time and attention of the town are taken up with the yearly races—matters in which I take no interest, and therefore can't report. The holiday being over at Rome, and the Pope's toe having been duly kissed, the people are all turning their faces back this way, and are daily arriving here, by the wagon load. One cannot look into the street, without seeing a Murray's Guide-book, trotting about with a half-a-dozen beggars whining at its heels. The artists are all very busy, and among the rest your servant. As near as I can find out I have received more commissions than any two artists here, excepting of course Mr. Powers. I have received orders to the amount of three thousand three hundred dollars, which is not bad for the first half year in Italy. . . . Various of these persons wanted to see something of what I intended for them ; therefore the most of my time has been occupied in composing and dead-coloring numerous designs, and so well have the people seemed pleased with my compositions, that I could have sold, in several instances the pictures over two or three times. I am really afraid to dwell upon the prospect of my success, for fear something may happen to mar it. I have been so long accustomed to struggle with hard times that I cannot realize the present favorable appearances. I am working very hard, in fact harder than my eyes allow, but as my spirits are getting better, I hope my general health will also improve, and consequently my organs of sight. I have to thank you, as also your friend in West Chester,

for the "harvest home" notes. I have been contemplating a picture both in poetry and paint of the subject. I have been occupying my leisure upon the subject, which I told you of before, viz., an American poem. I have written already nearly five thousand lines, and one thousand more will complete it. This may seem rather rapid work, but the fact is I have been digesting the subject so long that there was hardly anything left to do but to indite it. When this is once done I shall be satisfied to rest from my poetical labors for some time to come. I have great hopes in regard to it. It will afford, if well executed, a platform large enough to bear the weight of more fame than I can hope to receive in my lifetime. The Hon. Wm. B. Kinney, editor of the "Newark Daily Advertiser," and late Minister at Turin, who is now here, and who has heard the most part of my poem, flatters me by saying that I "have done for America what Cowper and Thomson combined did for England." If the half of the foregoing should prove true I think my friends will have no occasion to be ashamed of the performance. I know that I have attempted a great theme—in fact, the greatest theme left for an American to do. I have attempted to depict the pastoral life of America in all its phases, not only the flourishing farmer, but the emigrant and the pioneer. My plot sweeps the face of the country from Pennsylvania to the Prairies. I am in hopes of having it ready for press by the autumn, and intend, if I can, having it appear at the same time in England and America. . . . I want this new book to have a fair chance.

Write me what you think of the matter, and pray forgive me for dwelling so much upon my own affairs. Please make our kindest regards to all our mutuals. Mrs. Read joins me in affectionate regards to yourself and Mrs. Townsend, and kisses to the little one, and believe me

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Florence, July 4th, 1854.

My Dear Townsend: Your prompt answer to my last letter to you has been quite a rebuke to me, and in spite of hard work and weak eyes, and other unanswered letters staring me out of countenance, I have determined to reply at once to your most welcome and very kind epistle. To-day is the Fourth of July—the Sabbath of the American year—and I am keeping it, you see, not by painting, but by devoting it to a few of my best friends in America. I would it were twice as long, and my eyes twice as

strong, that I might obey my impulse, and devote a few pages to each of my friends ; in that case the post should bear away from Florence a large package of letters in which should be one for my kindly remembered friends the Swan's, as well as others of our mutuals. Of course you know there is no "Fourth of July " here except what we keep in our hearts ! There, it is always kept, wherever the American may be, and imagination fills up the silence with the booming cannon and fire-crackers ! I appreciate most fully the kind interest which you manifest in regard to my welfare, and especially towards the poem. Poetry I confess to be my weakness, and also believe it to be my strongest point—that is, I have not the strength to resist the influence of the muse, and have a firm faith that the best things I shall ever do will be in verse. At the same time I shall do all I can to progress in my profession, and hope and believe that my friends will not be disappointed in the pictures which I shall send home.

In regard to the poem, I have worked very closely of evenings and (is it wicked ?) on Sundays upon my subject, and have now so far progressed as to see my way out. That is, I literally see the open "clearings " through the woods. My poem is simple and I think natural, and believe interesting.

It is purely American and especially Pennsylvanian. The book will open with a Poetical Preface, in which I give my "platform." Then follows the "Prelude," which I have enclosed to Claghorn for "Putnam," and, which you can see, in which I get rid of the Indian in an allegory and introduce the Anglo-Saxon spirits, which are henceforth to rule the land. Then opens the Poem, which is the history of a community, which community I take to be the general type of the American country people at large. I describe an agricultural district in the middle of our own native State, giving as I best can, and as I dearly love to do, the charms of rural life. I describe a district brought to a high state of cultivation, and when I fancy the future reader of the poem is about ready, as I would be, to settle down and wish no happier state of existence, out bursts "the fever for the back-woods"—such a fever as there was about the year 1830, when I was a child ! How I remember it ! Then come the breakings up of old ties and associations, the sacrifices, the separations, etc., etc., the long train of wagons, the crossing the mountains, the descent of the river, and finally the plunge into the unbroken forest ! the battle with the primeval woods, the building up of the new homes, the failure of the few, the success of the many—in short, the triumph of the great American principle of progress. Such is a most meagre outline of a design within which I have endeavored to compress as much human interest as possible. My characters are all drawn distinctly, and while they are meant for types of people in general, I have endeavored to make

each as individual as possible, so that the reader will feel that he is surrounded with his personal friends. It will make a book about two-thirds the size of my last edition—that is to say, about 250 pages. I have about five thousand lines completed and have about one thousand more to add. My feeling at present is that my poetical reputation must rest upon this, which, by the way, I have named the “New Pastoral.” The Brownings highly approve the title and applaud the poem, at least such portions of it as I have read them ; and could I believe in the judgment and sincerity of certain persons here whom the world recognizes as people of mark, I should feel so elated and sanguine that nothing short of the handsomest terms from a publisher would induce me to enter into an engagement. This brings me to the point.

A wealthy gentleman from New York has kindly offered to secure the publication by Putnam on the best terms, and attend to all the matter the same as if it were his own, if I will allow him to do so. This is very kind on his part and would be entirely satisfactory were it not for a certain State pride I have, together with the feeling that the poem would be more appropriate to a Philadelphia publisher, inasmuch as it sings chiefly of Pennsylvania. As it is, next to the publishers you name I would prefer Putnam. I will confess that I firmly believe that my poem when published will have a wide and steady sale. Perhaps this is vanity, but if I thought otherwise I would not publish. My intention has been to make it a standard. If I succeed I have many friends who will rejoice—if I fail some enemies who will be delighted. I hope and believe that I shall gratify the first and disappoint the latter. Any further interest which you may take in this affair will be gratefully acknowledged. I hope you will excuse the seeming egotism of this letter. There are few others to whom I would write so fully. . . . Mrs. Read joins me in love to yourself and Mrs. Townsend and the rest of our mutuals, and

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

(To Cyrus Garrett, of Cincinnati, his brother-in-law.)

Florence, July 4th, 1854.

My Dear Cyrus : This being my first anniversary here of “our glorious independence” I cannot better celebrate it than in writing to you. In this heathen city there is of course nothing to be done. . . .

The weather is most delicious. The Italians complain of the

heat, but the highest yet is only 76 degrees in the shade, which we find just right—our house and studio almost too cool, owing to the great thickness of the walls. For the last week or two the people here have been celebrating their own anniversaries, having great times, from the Grand Duke down to the beggars. The fireworks and illumination here on the 24th of June presented a spectacle beyond the powers of description. Florence for that night seemed like a city in a fairy world. Alice and Lily were delighted. The dome of the cathedral, which is the largest and, next to Saint Peter's, the highest in the world, was covered with thousands of lights, as were also some of the highest towers of the city, so that they looked like a dome and towers made of stars. As for fireworks we in America have no idea of what can be done. I am told that the illumination of Pisa (two hours from here by railroad), which takes place once in three years, was still finer than that of Florence. I received, two days ago, your letter of June 2nd, and am almost discouraged to find that my letters do not reach you. It must be some rascality in the post-office here. I have written on an average oftener than once a month, several times describing my pictures, and twice writing to you all I knew of the old picture by Solymena. I will state again that this artist was a noted master of the seventeenth century in Naples, and the picture you have was originally a panel in one of the grand palaces of that city. When the American squadron visited Naples in 1849, an officer on board bought a number of pictures, which the late revolution had let loose, and having brought them to Philadelphia presented me with the little gem you have in consideration of some service which I had done him. I am getting on with my work as well as I could expect. I hope to send home a dozen pictures before the year is out. I am working very hard for various reasons: first, for improvement, and secondly to get something ahead.

I want in the course of a few years to return to America and get me a nice little place in the country, somewhere in the vicinity of New York or Philadelphia, where we can be comfortable, and where you can come and spend your summers if not more. My general health is good, but my eyes are still weak. Make my kind regards to Mr. Anderson and the rest of our mutual friends. . . .

Yours most affectionately,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Florence, Dec. 13th, 1854.

My Dear Townsend: Your long and most welcome letter reached me to-day, and I hasten to reply. Your appreciation and praise of the poem are to me most gratifying.

I felt from the first that you would be one of its appreciators, that you were familiar with much of which it treats, and that your poetic taste would recognize and relish the balance. I have been all along aware that I was laying myself open to the critics in the course which I pursued in the poem, but I preferred being true to my own instincts, as well as to nature, rather than modify any design in awe of the few invisible writers, the most of whom scarcely know a plow from a pitchfork. It is a principle in landscape painting that the figures and story should not attract too much attention from the scenery, otherwise the landscape degenerates into a mere background.

"The New Pastoral" is composed of a series of rural views, a sort of landscape panorama, through which the figures are introduced somewhat as in Cole's "Voyage of Life." I did not write my poem according to any conventional plan. My subject was fresh and original, unlike anything existing in European literature or European nature; therefore I followed my own will, and built such a fabric as I fancied the theme required. Still, as you suggest, I have no doubt but that the critics will find many passages too simple and natural for their overspiced tastes, which have become so vitiated of late that anything right fresh from nature would not affect their palate: they are in the same predicament as the man who returned from a three years' whaling voyage, and who, having lived so long on the rancid butter of the ship, turned up his nose at the fresh prints of the dairy, and rejected them as flat and tasteless. But aside from the professed critics I have no fear, and with those who will read the book, knowing what it is about, I have great hopes. I am truly grateful to you and Boker for the interest you have both taken in endeavoring to detect whatever faults there may be. I have already notified you of two or three which I suppose you have corrected. Your amendment in the opening meets with my entire approbation. I wonder how I could have made such a blunder, tripped as it were on the threshold. The second, on page 19, "flood considerable," you might change to "torrent voluble," or anything which you and Boker may like better. I am not in the least tenacious about small matters like that—therefore "pitch in." Page 103, the name of any other coal region in the neighborhood of the Schuylkill will do—therefore substitute the one you like best. Your correction on page 88, is good—"Peace" to it!—also the "invading" instead of "destroying." The latter word is correct, but your suggestion is an improvement, being less violent. The bee-hunters destroy not only the home of the bees, but too frequently smother the whole swarm—I mean bees found in the woods. The domestic garden bee fares better, though I can remember when even they fell victims to brimstone. Still, "invading" is much the better word. Page 128, you might read:

"Reeled thro' the night till every rafter groaned,
While swayed the floor beneath their gliding feet.
I could not dance," etc., etc.,

Thereby leaving out the objectionable line. I like it better. I am sorry that the "Prairie" passage, on page 229, seems obscure. Your solution of it is chiefly correct:

"The frightened steed with many an unknown shape
Sweeps past beneath the stars."

The "unknown shape" refers to animals smaller than the steed perhaps, or which, at least owing to the dark, cannot be recognized. At this moment I don't know how to alter it. As this, I suppose, is to be the great poem of my life, I shall of course still file upon it, and correct in future editions many things which may be faulty now.

I cannot enough thank you for the care with which you have read the poem, as well as for the general interest you take. Should the poem be as successful as we hope, I trust and believe that you will find at least a slight reward in the fact that you yourself contributed much to the advancements of its prospects in thus helping it into the world. Could I but hope for such readers and appreciators as yourself, I would be but too happy, but I fear they are scarce. It is said that every original man has to create, as a general thing, the taste which admires him; therefore a greater than myself might reasonably expect to wait a while before he was fully acknowledged. You cannot conceive how grateful to my inmost heart is the deep insight which you seem to have gotten into my design in the poem and how flattering is the perfect and generous appreciation which you express. I am afraid that I am almost more grateful if possible for your appreciation and poetic sympathy than for the labor you have taken to forward its prospects. May you never have cause to regret your interest in the poem or your friendship for the author! I have very distinct and pleasant recollections of your friend Mr. Pearce, of West Chester, and thank him for the kind notice which you enclosed. I will remember your suggestion, and if I can get out anything appropriate will send it to him. I have nothing on hand. As you may imagine, all my poetry for the last year has been worked into the big poem.

You are right about Mr. Longworth—please put Nicholas Longworth. Now comes the tender point—the title—"The New Pastoral." What can we do? I submitted the title last winter to all my friends, viz., the Brownings, the Kinneys and others, and they all agreed that it was just the thing. Mrs. Browning declared it delightful, and said it breathed of the summer fields! However, if we can't keep it altogether, let's compromise: for instance,

I.
The New Pastoral;
or,
Farm and Forest Life.

Or this:

2d.

* * * * *

Or this:

3d.

The New Pastoral;
or,

Old Farms and Fresh Clearings.

It is with the utmost reluctance that I give up "The New Pastoral" as a leading title, it is so simple and dignified.

All the other titles which I have thought of sound too much like the short-lived novels of the day. A national poem should have a simple stately name; anything more fanciful would smack of the ephemeral productions of the day, and would hang eventually like a millstone about its neck. Title No 2, given above, might sell more copies at the start; but imagine for a moment Thomson's "Seasons" with such a name! I will compromise without a murmur with the publisher and let him add a second title, such as No. 1 or 3, given above, but I pray you don't let us sacrifice the future dignity of the poem, by substituting another thing more fanciful for the leading title. Besides, it has already been spoken of in the various newspapers by that name. I have written to numerous friends of mine announcing it "The New Pastoral." It has also been announced by that name in the "London Illustrated News," so that I feel sure as much would be lost as gained by throwing the title away. I think myself that a second title similar to one of the above might be adopted to advantage, and when the poem becomes well known in the future, if it ever is to be as we hope, we can then drop the second line, if we wish, and fall back upon the simple original title. The people will soon learn the full meaning of "The New Pastoral," and even at present I am quite satisfied that nothing more is wanted than a secondary title, like the ones suggested, to make it at once clear to all. I don't believe a better title can be found than No 3. Look at it:

The New Pastoral;

or,

Old Farms and Fresh Clearings.

Make whatever alteration in the poem your good judgment may suggest, but I pray you and Boker to stand by me, and save me

those three first words, and let them stay at the top ! That name has been so long nestling in my affections, that to hear my poem by any other would not be less unnatural and strange than to hear one of my little children called Sally Ann or Susan Jane. Freeze to that "New Pastoral" as the leading title, and do the author and the poem both one more lasting service. If you and Boker or anyone else can think of a better second title I shall be infinitely obliged. ! . . .

Mrs. Read sends love to Mrs. Townsend and Miss Price, to whom also remember me kindly, and believe me yours ever,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

P. S.—I have now slept on the matter, and my cooler judgment, as well as the friends here, whom I have consulted on the matter, all urge me to stick to the "New Pastoral" as the leader. A work of art which is intended to be permanent does not require a "catching" title. Besides, I would rather suffer in pocket than to allow the dignity of my poem (the largest and probably best I shall ever write) to suffer by having an ephemeral title. Recall to Mr. Parry's mind the names of the most successful poems—"Evangeline," "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "The Golden Legend," all simple, and it seems to me none of them more beautiful or appropriate than "The New Pastoral." Doesn't that name to you convey a fresh and dewy sensation ? Doesn't it, as Mrs. Browning said, "breathe of the summer fields ?" To me it does, and is sacred. Even those who may be ignorant of its meaning will soon learn its import, especially if it is followed with some plain second title. Besides, I suppose every person likely to read a poem will catch its meaning at once. Pray forgive me for troubling you so much about this matter, and believe me your devoted friend,

T. B. R.

Florence, Feb. 16th, 1855.

My Dear Townsend: I have the pleasure of acknowledging two or three of your last letters—the last, I think, dated January 8th. I am deeply sensible of the kindness of your attention to me in this as well as in other matters. I had a letter from Boker expressing his enthusiastic appreciation of "the Ivory Carver." This is especially gratifying to feel that while I have been so hard at work with the pen I have also improved with the pencil. In the spring I intend sending home another box, which I hope will be equally as acceptable. My best picture thus far (as a piece of painting at least), and my largest also, is the "Un-

dine." It has attracted great attention to my studio. I have numberless others on hand in all stages of progress. By this time I suppose the book is out! Well, I would like to see it. . . . Boker certainly speaks very highly of the poem. So far as the poetry goes, he is a first-rate judge. I have perfect confidence in his taste, and judgment as a proof-reader, and know that whatever he does, he does conscientiously. I am infinitely obliged to him for the trouble he has taken in this matter, and hope that I may be able to repay both you and him some day. . . .

We have had a continuous rain for about four months, without scarcely an hour's cessation. But the moon has now changed, and this morning the stranger sun is out again, in all his wonted Italian glory. The classic Arno has been cutting all kinds of fantastic tricks. Day before yesterday, St. Valentine's day, he broke traces and galloped off through the streets, much to the terror of the inhabitants. It has never but once before been known so high. The Grand Duke and the heir apparent were seen in a great state of alarm striding up and down trying to frown the element into its former quiet, and the priests set up a great pow-wow, with what effect as a heretic I am not capable of saying. However, this morning, the river is down again, and the people along the Lung Arno are pumping out their cellars. Between here and Leghorn much of the country is under water. I suppose that there is no more unruly and eccentric stream than this river of Tuscany. All last summer it lay so stagnant and almost dry that little children were wading across it with impunity; now it is a thing of terror to look on. This may seem an unimportant matter to you, but to us, especially day before yesterday, it was full of interest. We have very few Americans here this winter, and consequently no orders. Many of the artists are doing nothing. Fortunately I have my hands full of commissions received before. . . .

With much love to all, in which Mrs. Read joins, believe me,
yours truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Florence, Feb. 25th, 1855.

My Dear Townsend: Yours of January 28th has just come to hand. I appreciate your kindness, in not waiting for each of your letters to be answered. At the same time I shall do my best to keep out of your debt in this matter, lest you might forget or postpone to write. I am very hard at work painting, endeavoring to get some of my last winter's commissions finished,

as well as to get something more done for the subscribers. My eyes are very weak, but still I keep them to it, but endeavor to save them by not using them at night. . . .

The faith which you express in the poem is extremely gratifying to me, and I feel that even should it prove a failure, so far as the circulation is concerned, it cannot prove an entire failure, since it has such a warm advocate as yourself. I confess that when I see what sort of stuff has been popular in the way of verse of late, I have some fears that the simple straightforward song which I have endeavored to sing will be not sufficiently spiced to suit the taste of a large class of readers. However, I have some trust in their sober second thought. If my poem succeeds at once I shall be surprised and of course delighted, but should it fail for the present, I shall still hold with you an abiding faith in its future. This I would not write to every one for fear of being thought egotistical; but to you, who know me better, I feel that there is no occasion for reserve. . . . You are mistaken in supposing me the correspondent of the "Newark Daily," or any other paper. I never put pen to paper unless to indite a verse or to write to a friend. Mrs. Kinney, the wife of the late Minister to Turin, now residing here, is the writer of said letters. Should you ever hear any one accuse me of writing letters for publication, please deny it emphatically. Even when having occasion to write a friendly note to an editor, I invariably head it "private." When in Europe before, I wrote a few letters for a Cincinnati paper, but nothing since, although I have had offers from various journals—"The New York Times," "Tribune," etc. . . . To return to the old subject: I hope you won't tire of it—by this time you have seen something of the success or the failure of "The New Pastoral." I am sorry that the publishers considered it necessary to put in the portrait. However, they know their own line of business best. I am only afraid that some persons may think it a piece of vanity of mine. I know they have done what they thought for the best, and I would not mar their good feelings by finding fault, especially as it is now too late—one must not be too delicate if they would succeed. All publishers know this. . . . That sewing machine must be a great invention. Would one come through the mail, do you think? It would be of great service here at present. While I think of it I must thank you for sticking to the title of the poem. But if I begin to thank you, I shall not know where to stop. However, I must try and do something towards making a set-off to your many kindnesses, when I get at your commission.

Feb. 27th.

I have just received through the hands of Messrs. Greis & Rice the four volumes which Claghorn was good enough to send.

This is the first that I have seen of the illustrated edition. Externally it looks well. Some of the engravings are very appropriate. The portrait, however, proves worse than I remembered it to be. If our new book is successful I shall some day insist on a new head being engraved, or at least this one left out. It may be better looking than I am—so is almost any dandy on Chestnut Street or Broadway—but it's not me, and it's like putting another man's name to my book, to put in a face which is not like the author. By the way, I find still the same old typographical errors in the illustrated as well as in the plain edition, although I gave orders for them to be corrected before I left. Some of these are abominable ! Hoping that both you and the publishers will forgive this little grumble, I am, my dear Townsend,

Your devoted friend,

READ.

Mrs. R. joins me in kindest regards to Mrs. Townsend and our mutuals generally.

P. S.—In looking over this letter again, I find it so ill-natured and grumblesome that I am almost ashamed to send it. However, you understand me.

Florence, March 7th, 1855.

My Dear Townsend : Many thanks !—the long expected books have arrived, also your accompanying note. I am delighted with the typographical appearance of the volume. The print is beautiful, the paper fine, etc., for all of which the publishers will please accept my thanks. As for the typographical errors, I fear you and Boker will be more annoyed than anybody else. I have never known a first edition to come out free of them, and of course did not expect this to escape. While the errors are rather numerous, yet as a general thing I find they do not affect the sense. Any one knowing enough to criticise the work will know enough to make the corrections—and any one not knowing that much will probably not observe them. Two or three of the mistakes made me, I confess, scratch my head for a moment, especially the one about "America." However, a new edition (if one ever appears) will set that all right. It is not to be wondered at that some mistakes should occur, and I am glad that they are generally of so minor a character. In the first place I wrote the copy in great haste to get it ready for Mr. Rogers ; in the second place it is very natural to suppose that your copyist might make a few slips of the pen ; and in the third place, the printer would

undoubtedly make many more, so that all three combined would put it out of Mr. Boker's power to corner all the errors. I have raked the poem "fore and aft" to discover the misprints, and believe I have them all down even to a comma, and enclose them for the printer's benefit. I have never seen a more beautifully printed volume. How charmingly the "Introduction" and "Prelude" look in that delicate type. I hope that the poetry will prove worthy of such a beautiful dress. My own thoughts seem better to me, decked out in such a clear type, and on such faultless paper. Out of all the list of misprints, there are but two or three which I care about : the rest are all such as any one would either not notice or, noticing, would correct. . . .

Do you know, my dear Townsend, I am quite ashamed of the letters which I have been sending you of late !—all about myself and my own business, until really you have good reason to wish you had never incurred the infliction of my pen I fear. Still I have that faith in your great generous heart and friendship to believe that no such thought has at least kept you awake o' nights.

How I look forward to that future, that good time coming, when we shall have adjacent domiciles, as you have already pictured in a letter, where we may have many pleasant hours of evening communion. Then how we will talk over this affair, and mutually confide our previous anxieties and hopes. I trust by that time that you will have found, together with our dear Claghorn, some reward for the interest you have taken in my poetical, pictorial and personal welfare. To return to our "Mutton." Mr. Powers is just devouring one of the books and expresses himself delighted. He is well acquainted with country life—is keenly alive to every touch. I have just had a letter from a captain in the English cavalry in Ireland (a friend of mine), who says that a friend of his in New Zealand has requested to have my poems sent out to him ! That's putting a "girdle round the earth," eh ?

Don't let it hurt your feelings to see our poem pitched into ; it is sure to be by various persons. Let 'em pitch ! Wordsworth was abused for twenty years because he chose to sing of simple nature. We are not to be put out by any critic's snuffers ! And some of 'em may burn their fingers yet ! Mrs. Read joins in much love to all.

Yours most affectionately,

READ.

Florence, March 21st, 1855.

My Dear Townsend: I have been at my leisure raking over the poem in search of mistakes, both of my own and the printer's

making. I find a few more besides those which I sent you in my last, chiefly consisting of the omission of capital letters. The printer really seems to have been scarce of capitals. . . .

I am sorry to annoy you and the publisher with these trifles, but if the poem is half what my friends say of it, it is worth while to have it go down to posterity correct as possible. I have just received a letter from Mr. Longfellow, the poet, which is of the most satisfactory kind. I must give you a quotation or two from his letter. . . .

Having acknowledged the receipt of "The New Pastoral" he says: "I have read it with the greatest interest and pleasure. We cannot too much thank you for its placid and subdued tone of color, in these days when poetry seems to have caught the scarlet fever. It is full of beauty, and will add greatly to your reputation; and people will turn to it as to pure spring water, after the fiery draughts of poetical eau-de-vie they have been so largely drinking of late." In closing his letter he writes thus: "Again I felicitate you on the 'New Pastoral.' The Prelude is a fine conception; and you have sketched the character of Olivia with great delicacy and tenderness—in fact, all the characters are well drawn and very distinct."

Now don't you think after that I might stand a little cutting up by the critics? I especially rejoice in this, inasmuch as it corroborates your good opinion of the work, and is some evidence that your interest has not been misplaced. This praise from Mr. Longfellow was altogether gratuitous and very generous when you remember that two or three years ago the "North British" "set me up" at his expense. While I enjoyed the praise of that article, I could not help feeling mortified that the critic should have instituted comparisons between myself and Longfellow. A poet of a less generous soul than his would not have been so ready to recognize a fresh effort of one who had been "pitted against him." . . .

By the way, I have just discovered that one of my images in the "New Pastoral" is either a coincidence or an unconscious memory, no matter which, it was not intentional, but must be altered. The figure referred to is that in regard to the "Rhine like Bacchus crowned."

That similitude belongs to Longfellow. How it happened to jump the fence and get into my pasture I don't know, but I find on examination that it has his brand on it. I hope, however, that my fences otherwise will prove to have been in good repair. I have sent a new line to be substituted in the second edition. . . .

Mrs. Read joins me in much love to all, and believe me, my dear Townsend, yours most sincerely,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Florence, April 12th, 1855.

My Dear Townsend : There are few men besides Henry C. Townsend who would bear receiving so many letters touching upon one subject, as you have borne receiving epistles from me about the poem. I fully estimate this among the many evidences of your friendship. After all the flood of uninteresting letters with which I have inundated you for the past year upon the subject, you still in your last upbraid me for writing so seldom! Well I am glad you do, for it eases my conscience and forces me to believe that you have not been bored by them. I assure you that not less than one-half of the pleasure which the success of the poem affords me arises from the fact that I know you must now feel that you were not altogether mistaken in your estimate of it. You were the first person who ever read it in America, and yours was the first voice which came to me from over the sea, like the sweet breath of my native land, to welcome and applaud a work which had caused me so much pleasurable toil and anxiety. You have stood Godfather to it at the altar of publication, and I feel proud to think that it has not caused you to blush for your connection with it. "The New Pastoral" is doubtless the longest poem I shall ever write—nor do I think that there exists another subject so suited to my peculiar vein. I have just received a very kind letter from the librarian of the British Museum, Coventry Patmore, who, having heard of the poem and the subject, although he has not seen it, thus writes: "It gives me great pleasure to hear that you are bringing out a work for which you seem excellently fitted. My feeling is that you are the only real poet America has had, and it is very well, therefore, in my mind, that you should have hit upon the only American subject." He says, further, that I need fear no comparison with the "spasmodic school," and adds, "There is more poetry in your 'Closing Scene' than all theirs put together." I don't of course agree with the writer in depreciating the other American poets, but at the same time cannot help feeling gratified at the high estimate of a gentleman, who is himself a fine poet and the intimate friend of Tennyson and Carlyle. I hope none of the first edition has been sent to England, but as soon as the corrected one can be got out, I would like to have presentation copies sent. In my last I sent you a quotation from Longfellow's very flattering letter. I see also that Bryant has made a kind notice of it, quoting over 159 lines. . . . One thing, neither the praise nor the censure of any journal or journals can make or unmake a work. They certainly have some power in forwarding or retarding the sales at first, but further they have no power. I enclose a full list of corrections, and hope

they will soon be needed. We are all progressing much as usual. The Brownings have just returned the poem with expressions of their great delight. Mrs. Read joins me in much love to all.

Yours affectionately,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Florence, April 19th, 1855.

My Dear Townsend: We are at last canopied with clear weather—plunged as it were suddenly from winter to summer. We had no spring: the winter, dull and rainy, lasted till about ten days ago and now we have real June weather. The Americans are just coming up this way from Rome, and consequently my studio is overrun with them. I could have sold two or three pictures if they had not been already ordered. However, until I get my old commissions pretty well filled, I do not care about new ones. I would like well enough to dispose of my “Undine” at a good price, but if I can afford to keep it till next winter, I shall be able to do better with it. The war and hard times have buttoned up people’s pockets pretty close. . . . I am just now painting a portrait of the Countess of Ingherami, formerly the wife of Lord Weymouth, and cousin of Lord John Russell. I hope that this may lead to something more. Yesterday I had a visit from a live Prince of Russia, who expressed great admiration of my compositions. I would tell you his name, if I could spell it without splitting my pen.

. . . Remember me kindly to all mutuals. Mrs. Read joins me in much love to all, and believe yours sincerely,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

P.S.—April 20th. To-day the great Austrian Field Marshal Radetsky reviews the troops here, after which it is said the Austrians will leave Tuscany. I hope so, for they have made things about as expensive as at home. Last night we were at a party at Mrs. Trollope’s; she lives in great style here and is very polite to the Americans.

Florence, April 20th, 1855.

My Dear Cyrus: It has been some weeks now since we had a letter from you, but we hope the next mail may bring one. We are all getting along much as usual. The winter here has been

very disagreeable, being long and continually rainy. About ten days ago the winter suddenly ceased, and we were plunged into summer. It is as warm here now as June, and very delightful. You have seen the "New Pastoral," but perhaps do not know of its success. The publishers say that it sells better than any volume of poetry they ever published, and that out of nearly fifty notices of it only two were ill-natured, and they were in insignificant papers. The edition was nearly all disposed of in the first two weeks. I think I told you in my last the beautiful compliment which Mr. Longfellow has paid me in a letter. Bryant, the poet, also wrote a very handsome notice of it in his paper. Tuckerman and Whipple have both written about it, in very complimentary terms. These are the head literary men of the country, and having their favorable opinion I can afford to let the smaller fry "pitch in" from the wrong side. I am as usual hard at work painting—finishing my old commissions. I have received some orders lately, and have some portraits to paint. . . .

I have had any quantity of the nobility to visit my studio of late. Day before yesterday there came a Russian prince and yesterday a Danish baroness. . . . Last night we went to a party at Mrs. Trollope's; she and her family live in great style here. The old lady is very polite to Americans; she is, however, getting very old and very broken in appearance.

To-day is a great day here. Radetsky, the great Austrian General, eighty-five years old, is here, and will review the troops this morning. The Austrians are going to be withdrawn immediately from Florence, so that we have some hope of things coming down cheaper, as they used to be here. At present it costs about as much to live here as at home. . . . Mary joins me in much love to all, and believe me yours affectionately,

T. B. R.

Florence, May 15th, 1855.

My Dear Cyrus: Everything proceeds with us so much in the old-fashioned way that there hardly seems anything new to write about. My pictures are progressing, and I hope to send home three or four boxes soon—one to Major Kearney containing two pictures—one to Charles Adams, Esq., containing two—also one to Mr. Bigelow, Boston, and a box to Claghorn, containing I think some half dozen. All are finished except two or three, which I am now working on for Claghorn's box. I think I have made vast improvement in painting since my last visit here, especially in drawing the human figure. I

have just finished a very successful portrait of the Countess Ingherami, which is attracting much attention to my studio; she is very kind to us, especially to the children. She generally comes to spend an evening with us once a week, and always brings the little ones something. The garden to my studio, which contains about an acre, with orange, lemon and fig trees, is now in full bloom—a perfect wilderness of roses. The house where we reside has also a beautiful large garden, with a little fountain and gold fishes. The gardens of both studio and house join on to an immense garden or rather park in the rear—the only thing between us and the open country—so that, while we have the city on the front side, we have nothing but the green of trees and hills in the rear, which is very beautiful.

How often have we wished for you to be here. The children especially say, “If only Uncle and Aunt were here how nice it would be.” They desire to thank you very much for the paper dolls, which have given them great delight. I am fondly looking forward to the time when we shall have a place where you will come and spend the summers with us at least, and where the trout and other not-to-be-despised fish shall suffer. In regard to the poem you may not have heard of its success, but if you will call at the publishers’ they will tell you, when you go East this summer. The first edition of 1100 was all disposed of in the first six weeks, and another of 1000 published, which I suppose is selling as rapidly as the first. The publishers say that its sale is something unprecedented in their experience. . . .

The notices and reviews of which there have appeared some half hundred in the East have all been enthusiastic in their praise—only two were at all unfavorable. Longfellow, Bryant, Tuckerman, Whipple and many others have all written favorably about it. I think I sent you before what Longfellow said. . . .

Yours affectionately,

T. B. READ.

Mount Vesuvius is in full and splendid eruption. If I could afford the time, I would run down and see it. It is said to be the grandest outbreak yet. Several villages destroyed. Mr. Guffey wrote me that he was delighted with the poem and would write a notice in the “Gazette.” Please see if he has, and send it to me. Longworth wrote to Powers that he would send me a box of his wine. It would taste good here. We are all well as usual.

Florence, May 16th, 1855.

My Dear Townsend: Yesterday the weather cleared up, on account of its being "Ascension day" and of course a grand "festa," I suppose, but whether it intends to remain so is doubtful.

Such a six months of rain have never been known here; so says that "oldest inhabitant."

However, agriculturally speaking, it is thought to be a great blessing to the country, inasmuch as all the crops for the last two or three years have failed. The crop of roses this spring is something almost incredible.

My garden is at this moment in all its glory, and, what is remarkable, a nightingale has kept up an incessant song both night and day, in some of the trees in the lower end of my garden, so that my pictures are being painted to his tune. It is supposed that the male bird sings to the female to console her for her want of liberty, during the time of incubation, perched in a bough immediately over the nest. But it is rather unusual for them to sing during the daytime, and I can only account for it by attributing it to the bad weather; that he either did not recognize the dark days as days, or kept up his song to encourage the female in persevering in her duty, although half drowned with the continuous rain. At any rate there is a beautiful moral in that bird's untiring song, which I hope will not be lost upon the hearer. I suppose that you have heard of the present eruption of Vesuvius. It is said to be very grand.

I regret very much not being able to see it. Some rumors which I have heard in regard to the present phenomena which it presents are very striking, and, when I hear more distinctly, will write you about them. The English residing here wear very long blue faces on account of the war. Some of them do not hesitate to express very clearly their disgust with their government. It is well known that the late Duke of Wellington used to tell his son to make the most of the present, for that in twenty years hence there would be no House of Lords in England. There are many English who do not hesitate to say that there will not be another monarch on the throne of England after Victoria. During the first week in May the Austrians all left Tuscany, and there is now a prospect of things coming down to their former prices. Living has been about one-third dearer since the Austrians occupied Florence than it was before. I "stop the press" to say that the rain has recommenced! Having been clear for one day, it has every appearance now of setting in for a settled spell of wet weather! Really this is not only trying to the nerves, but to the patience. The Italians say that it is needed for the crops—good for the olives and the vines—but

I don't believe that it is good for human crops. Being neither olive nor vine, I feel that it is not good for me, and if it keeps on much longer I fear that, like the Italian mulberry, I shall soon only be fit to feed the worms. Everything is very dull here, as it has been during the past winter. Were it not for the usual amount of the eccentricities perpetrated by the medley society here duly chronicled (by gossip) we should stagnate. . . .

I have just received a letter from a London publisher indicating that he might reprint the "New Pastoral," but that he could not guarantee me any of the proceeds, inasmuch as it might be republished at any moment in a cheap form by some other house. I immediately replied that of course he could do as he pleased; that it was a matter entirely out of my control; that under existing circumstances I had no reason to expect remuneration from the republisher; that I would be very well content if the book were well gotten up, etc., etc.—further than that I would leave it to the publisher's discretion and generosity. . . .

But you may reply in the language of Henry Clay to a tedious senator, who declared that he spoke for posterity: "If you keep on you may have your audience before you." Wherefore, I feel admonished to bring this long, rambling letter to a close. Hand this to my dear C——. Heaven bless him and his, and you and yours, is the sincere prayer of

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Florence, June 13th, 1855.

My Dear Townsend: I have the pleasure to acknowledge two letters from you—May 4th and May 20th—both of which were most welcome. I am sorry that the second edition of the "N. P." is not out. My regret is chiefly on account of the misprints. I have never expected to make money out of my poetry, although that would not be objectionable. In reply to your query about "A face to be remembered, and methinks not easily forgotten," I can only say that my meaning seems to me clear, viz., a face which ought to be remembered, and which could not easily be forgotten. The expression is probably faulty; therefore I will look to it.

The compound adjectives shall also be attended to. I have no affection for any of my peculiarities when I find them to be faults.

Please thank those gentlemen most kindly for me who have had the goodness to write such kind letters to you about the book. The good opinion of known good men of unquestionable

taste is to me more gratifying and substantial than the most flaring compliments from unreliable quarters in print.

Believe me, my dear Townsend, you do not "stand on tender ground" when you take the pains to point out my fault in any production of mine. Quite the contrary. Nor does any friend. You and Claghorn and some other of my friends have never failed to award me hearty praise for what I have done well, and I shall ever regard your suggestions in the opposite scale as no less evidence of sincere friendship. In regard to the abusive articles in "Alto California" and elsewhere, I cannot better reply than by reminding of a certain French fable. I think I shall some day take the trouble to translate it. The pith of it is this: The various animals having met one day took occasion to examine the work of a silkworm. They praised it for its texture, its quality and its usefulness. Only one member of the conference, a caterpillar, withheld its praise, and seemed dissatisfied. When questioned what fault it had to find, it replied, "Why—you see—hum—that is—but—if—" Whereat an old fox spoke up and said, "Oh, yes, gentlemen; I think I can explain the cause of this individual's dissatisfaction: the fact is that madame caterpillar is also a spinner!"

Boker's article on the "N. P." was most beautiful and of course most gratifying.

I thank him with all my heart. He is a noble soul, with nothing of the caterpillar in his nature. Thus far I believe I have been replying to your letter of May 4th.

I now turn to the last. I am extremely gratified that you found so much pleasure in your connection with the "N. P." I have a thousand times feared that it was a tax upon your time, however willing you might be to attend to it. But I hope that in some way you may be sufficiently rewarded. At present I can only offer you my heart full of gratitude.

When I remember, as I do daily, how you and Claghorn have devoted yourselves to the furtherance of my interest, I feel that nothing short of brotherly affection could have prompted such kindness, and I desire you both to rest assured that the same feeling is reciprocated, to the full of my heart's capacity. . . .

Also sincerely thank Janvier for his interest. I owe him a letter, and will endeavor to enclose one by this mail. There is nothing in my history worth mentioning more than what has already appeared in "Griswold's Book." However, I will give you and Claghorn outlines as requested. By the way, manage to see the article before it goes; borrow it for a day or two, and if you think best get Boker to look over it. I have great faith in Janvier's friendship, but in such matters two or three judgments are better than one. I confess I do not much like personal publicity, but since I have been wrongly set forth, perhaps it would not be amiss to set me right. . . .

I substituted "boughs" for "limbs" on account of a criticism by Browning. He explained to me that it was not legitimate English, "limbs" being a figure of speech when applied to the branches of a tree. It is an Americanism, but none the worse for that, if correct. I am delighted with your defence of me against the insinuations of "Scalpel." It was admirably done, and to the point.

Florence, June 28th, 1855.

My Dear Townsend : Two weeks ago I wrote the foregoing. What it is I do not know, I have not the courage to read it again. I am stricken to the earth by a sudden calamity—my dear wife and my darling Lily are no more. . . . At present I have no desire for anything except oblivion.

Yours, with much love,

READ.

Bagni di Lucca, July 18th, 1855.

My Dear Townsend : I have just received your kind, long and most welcome letter, of June 25th, and hope to be able to drop you a line in reply before the mail closes. You have doubtless received my letter containing the dreadful news—I remember having written to you and Claghorn at the time, but do not remember if I have written to you since or not. My brain is so stunned and bewildered that my recollections of late events are not very distinct. Believe me, my dear friend, I feel very sensibly your kind solicitation which you express in regard to our physical welfare ; and I know that Claghorn feels with you, when you advise me to drop pen and pencil and recruit. However, had not this calamity befallen me, I should have still stood by my studio in the endeavor to catch up with my commissions. Under the circumstances, however, I immediately left for the "Baths of Lucca," taking little Alice with me. As usual, Providence provides us with kind friends. Mrs. Bill, a lady from New York, spending some years with her family in Italy, insisted on our accepting her hospitality, which we did. Nothing could exceed the kindness of this family, or indeed of all my friends. I am in daily receipt of letters from persons in various parts of Europe and England, offering me all kinds of condolence and sympathy, so that I am not left to feel that I am friendless, even in the old world. I have to-day received a letter from Mr. Goodrich (Peter Parley), urging me to come with

little Alice and spend some weeks with them at their country seat near Paris. But I do not feel like sparing the time. The expense from here to there is not much, and if I were not so behindhand with my work, I would entertain the idea. The cholera is bad through all the Italian cities : as yet none has appeared at this place. I had occasion to go up to Florence the other day, and fortunately met with Mr. Richards, who delivered the package from you and Claghorn. The notices are very gratifying. If the world knew with what religious sincerity I had written that poem, how much more desirous I was of doing my country a service than by gaining applause, I think some of the notices would have been more candid. As it is, however, I assure you it has met with more kindness than I expected. In the first place I have long felt that there was a pernicious taste abroad for tinsel and glitter, which I was determined I would not cater to, and, in the second place, I knew, as the " Tribune " acknowledges, that the favorable English reviews had created a prejudice against me among a certain class—or, rather, " uncertain " class. I have the satisfaction of knowing that thus far every unfavorable notice I have seen has emanated from the same vexed and muddy fountain. The article in the "Intelligencer" was one of the most gratifying from various causes.

The biographical notice I handed over to Mr. Powers : he condemned it as contemptible, and I destroyed it without reading it ; so that poison didn't enter to rankle. . . . I wish I could keep my thoughts fastened down to these petty grievances—it would be a relief—but at every moment my great grief comes, shouldering its way in, and I wonder how I could have wasted ink upon such contemptible matter. I have faith to believe that the Almighty intends something good and wise by all this, but at present to me it is dark.

Please thank Mr. Keyser for the kind interest he takes in my pictures. Do what you please with them and their author, though I doubt if any engraving or photograph will do any justice to the pictures. Richards expressed great delight with the "Undine"—also the design of the "Spirit of the Waterfall."

With much love to all mutuals, and Mrs. T. especially, believe me yours always affectionately,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Baths of Lucca, Aug. 2d, 1855.

My Dear Townsend : I wrote by the last mail to C——, since when nothing of interest has occurred. The last advices from Florence which came yesterday describe the cholera as very bad. Some say one hundred cases per day. It is on the increase,

I am told, through the Italian cities, especially in the north of Italy. At the town of Lucca, fifteen miles from here, it is reported very bad, and collections are being taken up here for the sufferers. Here at the Baths it is quite healthy. Cholera has never been here. Therefore I shall content myself to stay where I am until Florence becomes safe. It is very difficult to tell the state of the disease in any of the Italian cities, as it is not allowed to be published. But some idea is gathered by the funerals seen in the streets. I am told that a funeral can be seen at any time in any street in Florence at present. This will of course cease when the hot weather passes away. Alice and myself remain quite well, with the exception of a bad cold which I managed to pick up somewhere here in the mountains. We still amuse ourselves, and endeavor to pick up health, by exploring these mountain paths on donkeys. . . . Italy is from various causes in a dreadful state. In the first place, the Austrians have been withdrawn from Tuscany, and, secondly, the French have almost all left the Roman States, and, thirdly, the grapes are dreadfully diseased ; fourthly, and consequently, the people are desperate and under no restraint. The highways are invested with robbers. The authorities between here and Rome are endeavoring to check this by executing every suspicious character who is found with arms upon him—a good plan, the presence of the weapons, together with previous bad character, being considered sufficient evidence. I know some other countries where the same severity might be practiced to some purpose.

The Grand Duke and all his household are here. The place is very crowded and gay, this being the chief watering place in all Italy. The days are hot, but the nights are deliciously cool. At midday shirt-sleeves and a fan are very agreeable ; at midnight an overcoat is not out of place. I rather doubt the sanitary effect of this great change, especially as I am suffering just now with a severe cold. Did you see a letter published in the "Journal of Commerce," New York, dated from Brazil ? It seems that the Emperor of the Brazils has had the good taste to inquire after the poets Longfellow and Read ! I hope Mr. Longfellow will wear his laurels gracefully—I will wear mine as meekly as possible. . . . Hoping to hear from you soon, and with much love to the C——'s and Mrs. T——, and the rest, yours affectionately,

T. B. R.

Washington, June 4th, 1856.

My Dear Harry : I have been looking for you here every day, and yet you do not come. Well, I suppose you have given it up.

I have written C—— two short notes since my arrival in the Capitol, and should have written to you, but have been kept so occupied with attending to the demands of friends and society at large, that I have not had time. Thus far I have every reason to be satisfied with my success here. I have had crowds of visitors, although Congress is not in session. The press has also been very polite. I have the use of a very fine room in the Capitol—the committee room on Indian affairs—and as it is much larger than the studio in Chestnut St., the pictures look well. The President has been very attentive in the way of inviting me to the White House on several occasions, and to-day he gave me a letter of introduction to Colonel Curtis, in which he speaks of me as a gentleman who has contributed to the character of the country, both in literature and art. He proffered me the letter of his accord, saying Arlington House was a place I ought to visit. He also offered me other letters, if I should find them necessary. He has promised to come this afternoon and see my pictures, unless something unforeseen prevents. Mrs. Pierce and her niece called the other day, and expressed themselves highly pleased. I sent the President a copy of my poetical works, and when I next saw him, he complimented me upon my eloquent defence of the Union in the “New Pastoral.” Of course I am indebted to Bishop Potter for much of this attention. I do not think there is much paint or poetry predominating in the tastes of the heads of Government here—there is certainly very little in art about the Capitol worth seeing. By the way, a good joke this morning. At all hours of the day there are flocks of strangers wandering through the Capitol satisfying their curiosity. Some country people passing my door read on it the sign which says “Indian Affairs,” meaning the committee room on that subject, whereupon they asked permission to look in, and see the Indian affairs, and without further ceremony they marched in. But they saw nothing except great curtained library cases and my pictures. They stood for some time silent, till one said, “them looked too white for Injuns,” whereupon I informed them that they were probably of the Mandan tribe, which Catlin tells about. After talking a good while among themselves, they concluded that the “Pleiades” represented some strange dance, and that the “Knight” was a chief carrying off “some white woman,” and they supposed that the rest of the “‘Injun affairs’ were shut up in them cupboards.”

I may be back in the course of a few days—till then with kindest regards to —— and ——.

Yours ever affectionately,
T. B. R.

Liverpool, Sept. 16th, 1856.

My Dear Harry : We arrived here on the fifth of this month, after a rather long passage especially for the "Dreadnought." On the second day out, it was discovered that the ship had sprung a very bad leak, the water coming in at the rate of an inch a minute. It was found, however, that the pumps would keep her free, if kept constantly going. Fortunately we had some hundred and fifty second class passengers, who, together with the rest, were formed into gangs of about ten each, which took their regular turns at the pumps.

The great danger was that the pumps might give out, in which case we would have been in a "pretty pickle"—i.e., pickled in the ocean brine most probably. To our consternation one pump did give out, but, by putting extra force on the other, the water did not gain much till we succeeded in getting up the other, and mending the break.

Fortunately we had smooth weather, and the leak did not increase; otherwise, about this time, I might have been realizing the truth of some of those "Under-the-Sea" scenes, described in my last, and might have been Poet Laureate to that Princess in her "palace of coral and pearl." But, providentially, we at last found ourselves standing on our ancestral terra firma.

The "Dreadnought" is a splendid ship, and when we had any breeze, which was not more than half the time, we went past everything in the shape of a sail. The captain, one day when we had a splendid wind, remarked that the "ship danced over the water." I answered him by asking if that was why she had her pumps on?

But puns at second hand are like champagne a day after it has been "popt"—rather flat. Of course we had the usual amount of sea-sickness, though I was rather more favored than usual. Old Nep. treated Mrs. ——— rather badly, but she showed her spirit by "throwing it up" to him on the slightest provocation. She found the passage from first to last rather a sic transit. On landing, I made at once for the banker's for letters. I found a couple, but none from you, as I expected. I found one at Mr. Stuart's from Claghorn. Why the ducc didn't you, and haven't you up to the present dropped me a line? By the way, please address to the care of David Stuart, Esq., Derby Buildings, Liverpool. He and his friends are highly delighted with the portrait of his brother. I am now engaged painting his wife, as well as his own. The latter is to go to Philadelphia. The box of books from Parry and McMillan came all safely. I shall probably be a month longer in England, and then make a straight streak for Rome. I am getting very impatient to get to work at the poetry, as well as the pictures.

By the way, while others on board ship were nursing their fears, and contemplating an unpleasant existence in an open life-boat, I, who am, I fear, a great coward on land, surprised myself, as well as others, by quietly sitting at my little desk and writing poetry, the result of which you will probably see, one of these days. I think the exercise at the pumps did me some good. I had a good appetite all the way, and have gained greatly in flesh. Of course, there is nothing to see in Liverpool except smoke and shipping.

The weather (for England) is quite fine, which means it does not rain more than half the time, but whether there really is a sun or not, no native here could swear from personal observation. One morning I observed a large pale sickly-looking something, about the size and brilliancy of a white oak cheese, up in the sky. I thought it rather a bad specimen of a full moon, but was indignantly informed that that was a very fine sun. But, in spite of all this, the rain, the cold, the dark, the high prices, England is a glorious old country—a pleasant realm of hedges and green fields, a beautiful garden—in short, an Anglo-Saxon Paradise, occupied by very substantial and in the main agreeable Adams and Eves. Life in England with plenty of money would not be hard to endure. I have just been dipping into Mrs. Stowe's new book, being bribed thereto by the Fremont tendencies in the Preface. Well, it is very sprightly and vicious. America is a dreadful place to be sure, but. . . .

I shall write to Claghorn in a few days, and tell him two or three things not set down in this. With kindest regards to all mutuals, and much love to Georgy, etc., etc., yours ever most truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

89 Great Portland Street,

London, Nov. 21st, 1856.

My Dear Harry : I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of two letters from you since I last wrote, and I have been putting off writing of late, until I could hear from you that the publishers had received the MS. of my new volume, and how you were pleased, etc., etc. Bogue, the great publisher here, had been thinking of bringing out a complete edition of my poems; but unfortunately he died yesterday very suddenly. I find that authors here are much better paid than with us, getting at least twenty to twenty-five per cent. It is true, copyright books here sell at double the price they do with us without costing much more. If I can manage to get a good publisher here

and then get an audience I shall make something by it. I "stop the press" to say I have just received this moment a note from Lady Torrens, saying that she has just received a note from Chas. Dickens, in which he says that Mr. Dickens "very greatly regrets being out of town and unable to be here to see you at this instant, but he says he hopes that you will return to London, and that he will then be more fortunate," etc. He is out of town, busy on his Christmas number of "Little Dorrit." Last night, according to arrangement, Tennyson came up to town, and we met at Somerset House, where were several notable people, among the rest Lady Franklin, who seems to have taken quite an interest in me. But the most delightful person I have met yet is Leigh Hunt. I have been to spend several hours with him twice, and he entertained me by reading me the "House by the Sea," which he professes to admire, and seemed to take great pleasure in pointing out what he thought the beauties. You see why Leigh Hunt was so agreeable! Well, I know I am human—as I think indeed we all are. I was especially convinced that poets are human in my interview with Tennyson last night. He is a noble fellow, but very human, except in his poems, and there he is divine! Ask Claghorn to show you the scrawl I sent him—but don't show it to any one else, as it is not necessary that outsiders should know our private and rather hasty opinions. Childs will tell you the result of the Kane and Lady Franklin commissions. Don't let the publishers print a copy until I have read and returned the proofs. How do you like "Sylvia"? Do you get the allegory? With much love to all, affectionately,

READ.

Alderly, Near Manchester, Dec. 3rd, 1856.

My Dear Harry: I think that I am behind-hand with you, in two letters, which makes me square with you, for being behind-hand some time ago. So, Pennsylvania in the first time in her history has turned the tables against Freedom!—has allied herself with the South!—has declared that the Kansas atrocities shall be sanctioned and continued if need be!—henceforth the "Mason and Dixon line" be located north of the Keystone State. It is written and gone forth!—Pennsylvania repudiates Freedom, and the world will reasonably say that one repudiation naturally follows another! I feel that this sentence is somewhat severe, and would not willingly hear it uttered from a foreign source, but having heretofore worked so hard to do however small it might be my best to glorify my native State, I feel myself vexed beyond endurance to find her suffering herself to be whipped into the traces of a base administration, or rather

chaining herself a willing victim to the chariot-wheels of Slavery. However, let us hope by another four years she may come to her senses. Buchanan I think is a safe man enough; and although he has waded through unutterable filth to gain his point, I hope and believe that, having gained it, he will take an honest course. I believe that he is ambitious to hold a clear page in the history of the country, and has sense enough to see that his own acts will write that page; that he will live by what he has yet to do, and that if he does that well the historian will not record the minutiae of the means by which he was placed in the executive chair.

Well, let us hope. On the contrary should he keep his word, which were "more honored in the breach," and carry out the Pierce administration, then I see in the future—not afar—what I dare not write! Therefore, I say again, let us hope. But enough of this: let us wash our hands and turn to something more cleanly to handle than politics. I have postponed writing to you for some time, because I had sent to Parry and McMillan a MS. volume which I presumed would surprise you, and I was anxiously awaiting a letter from you announcing the said surprise. I am still expecting said letter. . . .

I am now beginning to expect the proofs of the volume, especially if the publishers expect to get it out by the New Year, which seems to me not possible, although I tried to send it home in time. But the poetry must not be sacrificed to trade; and if it should not get out till spring, it had better appear as perfect as I can make it.

I consider thus far, and so do certain good judges in London, that the leading poem of this volume is the best I have finished yet. Coventry Patmore, author of the "Betrothal" and "Espousal," and who, you remember, praised the "Closing Scene" so highly, thinks the poem quite equal to that in point of finish and greatly superior in point of interest. I have taken great pains to work up this poem, and for this reason the publishers and printers must bear with me a little. Patmore offered to get it printed in "Blackwood," but as I did not know when it would appear at home, I thought I had better not risk one publication putting the other out of joint. Don't let anyone see the poem until it is in print and all correct, and if they have not yet sent the proof, please urge them to do so before I leave England. I think I told you that Bogue was thinking of bringing out a complete edition of my poems, but that his sudden death put a stop to the affair. By the way, the handsomest book of the season, entitled "Country Life," a collection of choice rural poems and illustrated exquisitely by the celebrated Birket Foster, who, you remember, did the "Evangeline" so beautifully, has just appeared and contains, among other selec-

tions purporting to be all from "the best authors," two poems of mine—"The Awakening Year" and "The Wayside Spring." The latter is exquisitely illustrated: so you see we begin to make our mark. I had a lot of things to say about literary matters, but must postpone till next time, as I have several other letters to write. As I shall tell Claghorn all about my pictorial business, and he will probably show you the letter it will not be necessary for me to go into that here. I am sorry that Mrs. Townsend is not quite well, but hope it is only temporary. I have gained about fifteen pounds since our arrival in England. I never weighed so much. Please remember me to all mutuals, especially the Swans, Chamberlains, etc., etc.

Mrs. Read sends kind remembrances, and with much love to you all, I remain, etc.,

READ.

Manchester, Dec. 20th, 1856.

My Dear Harry: I have only just time before the mail closes to drop you a line. Indeed I should not write to you at all by this mail, were it not that I have just received your nice long letter containing some most agreeable matter, which agreeable matter you season by abusing me for not writing to you. I think that by this time you will have received two or three epistles, which will appease your epistolary appetite. I am anxiously awaiting the arrival of Mr. McHenry with the proofs of the new volume. I think you are mistaken as to the comparative merits of this new book. I think that if you will take the same number of pages in my former volume of lyrics you will find that the new volume will not suffer by contrast. I consider the leading poem as altogether the most finished of my longer productions. My intention was to have it as finished from first to last as the "Closing Scene." Its similarity to the "New Pastoral" arises only from the fact of its being a rural poem. But aside from this, I do not see the resemblance. Perhaps you have not in one reading caught the allegory. "Sylvia" represents the country as it was during its pastoral phase, up to the time when machinery and cotton drove the domestic wheel and loom from the land. "Leon" represents the age who in his early day bravely defended the flocks and fields, but who afterwards forsook the simplicity of pastoral life and by allying himself with new ideas and inventions, etc., etc., suddenly found himself "rolling in riches," all of which of course had its usual effect. In the "hound and the horseman" you will probably understand the allusion to our struggle with England, etc. I am glad the proofs are coming, as I have many corrections to make. I shall avail

myself of your suggestions. As you already know, I call this poem "Sylvia or The Last Shepherd," but, as you do not yet know of the dedication, I send you a copy, which will, I hope, meet with your approval.

TO HENRY C. TOWNSEND, ESQ.

To you, my friend, whose youthful feet have known
The same bright hills and valleys as my own ;
Whose eye learned beauty from the self-same scene,
Which, still remembered, keeps our pathway green ;
From the same minstrel streams and poet-birds,
Learned what I oft would fain recall in words—
To you I bring this handful of wild flowers,
By memory plucked from those dear fields of ours ;
And, when their freshness and their fragrance die,
On friendship's shrine still let them fondly lie.

In regard to your suggestions about an "appointment," of course I could not, and would not ask anything, after taking the stand I did ; but if, through the influence of friends or of his own free will, Mr. Buchanan should think fit to honor me with an appointment, such as would be worth accepting, then I do not see why I should refuse to serve my country ; on the contrary, I see many reasons why it might be desirable. But of course it would have to come without any asking on my part. Therefore I regard it as out of the question, (specially as there are so many hungry politicians to be fed. With kind regards to all mutuals,

Yours always,

READ.

Palazzo Torlonia, Piazza S. S. Apostoli,

Rome, May 1st, 1857.

My Dear Harry : This being the first day of May, and in commemoration of the thought that

"Now blooms the lilac sweetening all the air,
And by the brook the alder,"

I determined to celebrate it by doing what I have so long postponed, although I am not quite sure that I owe you a letter, your last being dated your birthday. But if you could see the amount of work which I have accomplished you would not blame me for eschewing the pen, which has become so foreign to my fingers that I have almost forgotten how to spell ; at least you will see by this that I have not improved in my pot-hooks. I feel very remiss in not having told you something of Rome, and we have now been here so long, and it has got to be such an old story

that I scarcely know how to begin. The fact is you ought to take a run over here some season : it would quite rejuvenate you, put you back on the younger side of thirty-five, and it would do Mrs. T.—— more good than all the New York doctors. I feel every day with Byron :

“Oh! Rome, the city of the soul,
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee.”

By the way, the noble bard being an Englisher, I wonder if he didn't mean “The orphans of the art ? ” I should judge so from the great quantity of “orphans” of that kind here. Rome contains I forget how many thousand artists and forty thousand priests, about the same amount of monks and beggars, each of whom (excepting the artists) is a walking colony of fleas ; so you see it is a populous city. We have been to St. Peter's but once ; that was on Palm Sunday, when the Pope was borne in on the shoulders of six men, in commemoration of Christ entering Jerusalem on a donkey. . . This was all the ceremony we saw of Holy Week, inasmuch as neither of us was well enough to attend the ceremonies. It takes some time for one to get used to this climate. We have made several visits to the Roman antiquities, inasmuch as we live in their immediate vicinity. Our house is doubtless very nearly in the middle of Trajan's Forum, only a portion of which a little distance from here is excavated. The Capitoline Hill is only two minutes' walk from here, and the Roman Forum is just at the foot of that.

A little farther on to the right are remains of the stupendous “Palace of the Caesars,” and a few hundred yards farther the “Coliseum.”

Are we not indeed in Rome ? I have merely mentioned two or three of the leading ruins in our vicinity, but there are countless others lying between, which I have skipped. We have twice driven out on the Via Appia—think of it—which, with the exception of a couple of miles, has only been excavated since 1853. After passing the gate which has been so often besieged and admitted so many triumphal conquerors, we shortly arrived at the Church of St. Sebastian, where we dipped down into the Catacombs, and coming out at another place continued on—on past Cecilia Metella—past twenty miles of tombs—all desecrated, but still tombs—the home of the owl, the fox, and even sometimes the residence of the poor peasant. This to me is the most wonderful and suggestive sight which the old world has furnished. The imagination faints in following the remains of a once substantial reality. This street of the dead of old Rome carries more positive conviction of the great “Mistress of the World” than all the rest of the ruins put together. But where am I running to ? That the tombs may not entirely monopolize

us, before our time, let us draw this to a conclusion, especially as I want to write to Claghorn by this mail. Hattie joins me in much love to Mrs. T. and yourself, and always believe me yours truly,

T. B. R.

P. S.—My Dear Harry : As the enclosed was too late for the mail last week I take the opportunity of adding a P. S. Since then we have spent a day in the mountains near here, at Albans, a delightful place about fifteen miles from Rome, where we have engaged apartments for the summer, and from where I hope to be a better correspondent. In looking over my letter I find that I have omitted to say anything about our book. Within a few days I have received a number of letters of the most complimentary kind in regard to "The Eclogue," although it was so much above (I mean in intention) the ordinary import of fashionable verses, that I did not expect it to be understood. As a work of art, it is altogether head and shoulders the tallest thing I have done, and I am glad to find that several good judges consider it so. Of course, it has been "pitched into"—I have not seen anything of the kind, as I have neither read praise nor censure in regard to the volume, except what has been conveyed to me verbally or in writing. There have been numerous notices sent, but they have all been handed over to Hattie, who reads and makes no comment, according to our agreement. Of course, I hope that the volume may be successful—that is, if it deserves to be. However, there is no use hoping or fearing ; these things are inevitable. The good live, the bad die—"so mote it be." I have one more book on the stocks, and when that is launched I shall not soon again trouble the mental waters of my country with any poetical craft bearing my name, so the small fry inhabiting those waters may rest in peace. I suppose "Blanche Tray and Sweetheart" have had a good time snapping at the heels of "Sylvia." It is a great comfort to me to know that I have not even discovered their barking afar off. If Italy had no other merit than remoteness, and its freedom from that mental day-mare, the morning journals, it would still be a Paradise. I hope that Mrs. T., as also Miss Rebecca, is well again, etc.

With much love to all mutuals, and being joined by Hattie in much love to Mrs. T., etc., always believe me yours truly,

T. B. R.

I enclose a letter for Miss Brewster, which please have conveyed to her.

Kind regards to the publishers, and thanks for their letter.

Enazzano, Near Rome,
Aug. 25th, 1857.

My Dear Townsend : I am not quite sure but that you owe me a letter, and it has been partly owing to this conviction that I have not written before. I am quite sure that I wrote to you, just before leaving Rome, and that no answer has reached me, but knowing as I do the uncertainty of all things earthly, especially the mails, I shall not stand upon ceremony. Of course Claghorn has kept you posted in regard to my movements, at least, so far as he knew, for I fear that I have neglected him also, but the fact is, I have but one head and one right hand with which to work, and it would require a Hydra with the hands of Briareus to accomplish the various duties which I constantly find crowding upon me. While in England I had not an hour to spare, being from early morning until dark busy painting portraits. The few spare half-holidays which I did squeeze out I felt impelled to devote to the exhibition of "The Art Treasures." I left England on the 14th, and arrived here on the 20th, after a severe and fatiguing journey, and found my wife well and enjoying herself with the Rothermels in this little mountain town thirty-three miles from Rome. I enjoyed my trip to England very much, especially as it put "money in my purse." I sold three of my pictures of "The Apotheosis of the Innocents," as well as got some other commissions.

I have sent home a photograph of a scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream" to you and the rest of my friends by Mr. Bartholomew, the sculptor. My other pictures I had also photographed, but owing to the prevalence of warm colors they did not come out well enough to send, although better pictures than the one which came out so well. I enjoyed my few days in London very much. Thackeray invited me to dinner, where I met the editor of the "Times." The former introduced me to the latter as the author of some of the finest poetry of modern times, and especially instanced "Passing the Icebergs."

I had also an evening with Leigh Hunt. The following is a quotation from a letter from Walter Savage Landor to a friend of mine in London (I have the letter in my possession): "In Read's 'Midnight' America has stolen a march upon us. I have opened his volume there, and shall not close it till I have read it through." So much for so much. I have been amused with the ill temper of one of the English reviews. It says: "All American poetry is one dead level of verse," etc. "Bryant and Longfellow nothing !—and had Read been an Englishman would not have been worth notice, but it was pleasant to find even the semblance of a flower on such a dreary Parnassus !" and so they quote some of my poems as the best America had ever pro-

duced, etc. The article made me mad, and at the same time amused me, the ill feeling was so evident. The second-class men of England are just now very violent against American writers, because they find we are occupying the field, and they are determined to head us off, if they can. But they will have to work some time before they head off Longfellow, who sells in England ten copies to one of all the present British poets put together. The semi-abusive article which appeared on my poems in a late number of the "Atheneum" was written by Gerald Massey.

I did not know this until he wrote to me, apologizing for the article by saying that it was written to order, and had to suit the "standpoint" of that paper; otherwise he would have liked to have written a hearty welcome to the volume. I never saw this Massey, but he had the boldness to subscribe himself "yours affectionately," and hoped I would come to Edinburgh to visit him, when he would give me the reception of a prince! I suspect that most abusive article of Boker's books was either from his pen or another review sneak, by the name of Blackburn, who delights in pitching into American authors. It is pleasant to know that the sneaks of the press are not all on our side of the water.

By the way, that fellow Patmore, who took upon himself to oversee the bringing out of the new English edition, has had the impudence to alter several stanzas and leave out some of the matter. He has especially marred the "Closing Scene" by tinkering at the closing line, but I flatter myself that it will bear it, and he, strange to say, is the author of the abusive article in the "Saturday Review," already referred to. He declares himself out of all patience with the Americans, since they read his books and do not pay him for it—therefore Bryant, Longfellow and myself are to have the amount taken out of our hides! Queer world this! However, I really feel flattered by the abuse in question, and it will do good—I much prefer it to the milk-and-water praise dealt out to me in certain quarters at home, and with the high eulogy passed upon my poetry by Hunt, Landor and Thackeray, etc., I think I can survive it. At any rate, it will take a bigger watering-pot than any I have seen yet to "put me out." Nor am I to be "snuffed out by an article." We shall spend a while here yet, and return to Rome to work as soon as the heat will permit. I have "cords" of commissions to fill, and feel anxious to get at them. Rothermel has painted a very fine picture of "Lear" for Harrison. It is his largest and best.

I am very desirous of knowing how you are all getting on, etc. Hattie joins me in kind regards to you and yours. Yours always truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Rome, October, 1857.

My Dear Townsend : To the best of my recollection you owe me a letter or two, but I won't be nice about trifles, although I am so hard at work that it is with difficulty I find time to eat my meals, for when my factory does get to going, it goes with a "fiz." I am now hard at work on Claghorn's picture, which turns out to be by far the best thing I have done, and it is doing me great credit here among the artists. I hope to have it finished by next week. It will be quite a card in my room this winter—that is if anybody visits Rome this season, which is thought doubtful, both on account of the Indian war and the American hard times. This will make it very hard here for those artists who are dependent on the visitors to Rome for their commissions, and there are hundreds of all nations here in that condition. Fortunately I am independent of the floating patronage for the present, so that I do not object to be hurt by the times. The scarcity of visitors will leave us the more time to fill the orders already on hand, for the great drawback of a winter in Rome is the constant interruption of callers. I have never got on so successfully with my work as this autumn.

The other artists are only just getting back, whereas I have been at work since the first of September, and have never before done so much or so well in the same time. I suppose that my visit to the "Art Treasures" did me great good. I feel artistically much stronger. I have just had a letter from the London publisher, who says that "The little book has met with a very excellent reception." Have you seen the review in the "London Morning Post"? I ordered a copy sent to Claghorn.

This edition has annoyed me, and cheered me a good deal—annoyed on account of the mutilations practiced upon it by ——, who had the charge of it (curious how brother poets do work these things, eh?), and cheered on account of the reception in spite of those mutilations. The —— left out passages and changed lines, whenever it seemed to him that he could mar anything. Well, no matter; it succeeds, notwithstanding all this!

Rothermel has just returned from the country. His pictures are very striking, especially the large one for Harrison. He has commenced the one for Claghorn, which is very promising—the boat scene in "The House by the Sea," where Agatha crowns the lady, etc. It is a glowing subject, just suited to his style. The artists here, or rather some of them, seem inclined to compliment me by doing subjects from my poems. Whittredge (one of our best landscape painters) is doing the "Summer Shower," and Thompson is doing another small picture from the "House." All this is very gratifying. I find myself in very

good health, and my wife is much as usual. The mountains did her great good this summer. I came back from England very stout, but the hard work has taken me down a little, which I do not regret, as my clothes were getting too small. I now breathe again without jeopardizing the buttons—the buckles have long since become superfluous. With much love to all mutuals, and to Mrs. Townsend, in which my wife joins, believe me, always sincerely yours,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Rome, November 20th, 1857.

My Dear Harry : What the "deuce" is the matter, that you don't answer my numerous and voluminous letters? If you don't write soon, you will find that these ample sheets of mine will become "small by degrees and beautifully less." I hope that you have escaped the hard times—ain't it awful? I am just struck for a thousand, clean gone in England, which takes off the fancy margin of my year's income. This is owing to the failure of one of my friends in Manchester. Fortunately my Liverpool friends are thus far safe—if they should go, then I fear that I should go also, but I don't just know where to! There will not be a work of art sold in Rome probably this winter. I don't care on my own account, as I have nothing to spare—I am trying to get my commissions filled. I have finished Claghorn's large picture, and it is just now creating a sensation here among the artists, as well as others. I have designed Harrison's, also one for Geo. H. Stuart, besides a number of small things which I have under way. I have never before painted so well or so freely as at present—the fit is on, which I attribute to the influence of the Manchester exhibition. My little London book is going well, with all its curtailing by ———. Have you seen the article from the London "Post"? also an article in the "Great Quarterly" for October, on Lord Dufferne's "High Latitudes"? They quote the "Icebergs" entire, with compliments. The Liverpool papers are speaking handsomely of my "Pleiades," now on exhibition in the Academy there, etc., etc. I will probably be able to send you some of the notices. I have never been so hard at work as at present.

I get up as soon as it is comfortably light and take a cup of coffee and go to work. I paint till midday and then take a light *dejeuné* and work till dark. In this way I am getting a great deal accomplished, but I fear the pen will get the go-by for the present. I have not touched it except to scrawl a miserable letter like this for two months. I find myself too fatigued when evening comes to write. Did you get the photograph of the "Change-

ling"? I would give a good deal to have you all see what I have in my studio at present. With kind remembrances to all mutuals, and much love to Mrs. Townsend, in which my wife joins, yours truly,

READ.

Rome, Feb. 5th, 1858.

My Dear Mr. Dreer : Mr. Townsend informs me in his last that you think that I have not answered your letters regularly. Now I find on turning over my papers that I have written to you at least twice—once from England, and once last spring from Rome. But there are many chances for letters to be lost between here and America. It was only the other day that I quite accidentally found six letters at an out-of-the-way banker's, which had been there waiting to be called for since last March ! Some of these were from persons who had got vexed because I did not answer their letters, while I began to feel hard that they did not write, and all the time it was not the fault of either. They are wilfully careless here about foreign letters, and we can't help ourselves. I think I told you in my last my interview with Tennyson. He is very sensitive about letting his likeness out. He was very polite and all that—hoped I would visit him at the Isle of Wight—but shook his head dubiously about sitting, and, in addition to this, spoke so disrespectfully of our country that I felt like "letting him alone severely." He informed me in his deep sepulchral voice that when he was younger he had entertained hopes of America, but he was now convinced that he had been mistaken: he saw no hope except in England. Should England go by the board the whole world would swing back to Despotism ! To which I replied if that be the case, Mr. Tennyson, let us do all we can to keep England from going by the board ! I will try him once more in May or June on my way home, and if he doesn't sit "kindly," he can let it alone. Art is very dull this winter in Rome. I feel the hard times a good deal, especially as I lost a large sum of money in Manchester, and have had some of my largest commissions postponed. However, I am not aground yet, and hope as the times are getting better that my case will get no worse. Most of the other artists are in a very bad way. I sincerely hope that you have not been hurt, although nearly all my friends have been more or less. Remember me kindly to Dr. Wells and Mrs. Dreer and the rest of your family, and always believe me, yours truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Rome, April 1st, 1858.

My Dear Townsend : I hope that you will not think from the above date that this letter is a hoax. By this time you have doubtless enough of "rods in pickle" for me to stock a small farm with bean-poles. I know that I have been very remiss, in the way of correspondence, but if you could only see how I have been spoiling canvas, you would not wonder that I have had neither eyes nor time to devote to the pen. Indeed I have not written a verse of poetry this season, but instead have stocked my studio with pictures, and certainly the best by far that I have ever executed. In a few weeks more, perhaps two or three, they will all be boxed and shipped for America, when I hope that you and the rest of my friends will agree with me on the subject of my improvement. I have been so busy that we have not entered into any of the festivities either of the Carnival or Holy Week. In fact, we have not yet seen the sights of the "Holy City" except those which "lie about loose;" but we intend to take a week or so and see the principal things, before our departure. By the time you get this we shall probably be packing our trunks for America, as we hope to get home some time in June. I have done remarkably well here this winter, considering the hard times, better certainly than any other American painter in Rome. I could have sold several others which I have in my studio had they not been already ordered. I feel now I shall see you so soon that I do not like to enter into particulars, as I wish to have as much as I can to tell you verbally a couple of months hence. As for news we get none except what reaches us through stray copies of American papers, generally six weeks old. Indeed I feel as if I had been living back in the dark ages somewhere, which same conclusion you must have also come to from the dulness of my letters. . . . I am tempted to go into two or three subjects of interest, warned probably by the shortness of the paper, but I nobly resist—a few weeks will bring us face to face, when it's my impression we will make the English language and the cigars (I smoke now) suffer ! My health is so-so-ish, a good deal overworked. My wife is well, as usual, excepting a bruised knee from a fall. We both join in kind regards to you and Mrs. T. Always yours truly,

READ.

Kind regards to all mutuals—shall write Claghorn by next mail certain.

Cincinnati, Dec. 7th, 1858.

My Dear Harry : I have been so busy since I got your last that I forget whether I answered it or not; at any rate I have

thought of you often enough to have answered it several times. I was all last week occupied writing the poem for the Mercantile Library, which I delivered on Tuesday evening, the fourth, and which was thought to be very successful. The hall, one of the largest in the country, was crowded, said to hold over two thousand. All the literary people far and near were there, and I was greeted with great enthusiasm, in spite of David Paul Brown, who had done his best to weary the audience, by talking to them for nearly two hours, so it is said—I didn't look—but not a person left the house at the close of his discourse, but, on the contrary, kept their places and showed me great respect and attention, until I was through. I find that there are no copies of my poems to be had now—I got the last one myself—but they have sent on for a new supply. I have been overrun with invitations to deliver poems, within the last few days, but have declined all. I hate speaking in public, and don't think I will do it any more, although I have been complimented on my delivery, etc., etc. A lady has promised to take me to see your cousins—the Prices—they are spoken of as fine girls. In regard to the notices of the lyrics, I don't know where to find any better than are to be found in the volume of "Graham" containing "My Life," which I left some time since with the publishers. I have seen the one in the "Chris. Remembrance," and was very much gratified. In quoting from it it would be well to say from "The Christian Remembrance—the High Church Quarterly of England." I expect to be on next week. I hope they won't put anything in the advertisement from the "North British" article offensive to other American poets—it would neither be fair nor judicious. While I cannot approve of the vehicle of "Hiawatha," I still think that the critics are unnecessarily severe upon it. It contains some magnificent passages. I hope Longfellow has kept his promise not to read any of the ill-natured articles. I think one of the most invidious articles which have ever appeared against him is in "Putnam" for December. It is of that wet-blanket-damning-with-faint-praise kind of which I have a horror. I had much rather be "Caterpillared" right out than treated in that way. With much love to all, yours ever most truly,

READ.

Studio Building, 10th St.,

New York, Feb. 12th, 1859.

My Dear Mr. Dreer: I have just returned from a week's visit in Boston. I saw a great deal of Longfellow and Dr. Holmes and other of the great men there. The two former have agreed to

sit for me for large historical portraits, and at the same time I will make you the cabinet ones you want. I told Longfellow of your request, and he seemed pleased ; he knew of your collection of historical matters and expressed himself very willing to have his portrait become a part of it. The first good chance I get I am going to try Bryant. The only difficulty is that all these celebrities are dreadfully bored by artists. But Longfellow and Holmes seemed pleased that I should pay them the compliment. I don't remember that you mentioned Holmes, but he is at this moment quite as noted a man as Longfellow ; you shall have him if you like. I shall paint the large picture, at any rate. Before I left Philadelphia I requested Claghorn to pay my ten dollars to the Wood fund ; I have no doubt that he has done so unless he forgot it. I mentioned it to him to-day in my note, and, if he has not attended to it, it will be attended to. For those two heads of Wood and Brainard I charged you at the rate of my old prices, viz. : seventy-five dollars each, although I charged others the round hundred. I mention this so that you will please not state my price as less than one hundred. I am here painting portraits for two hundred and upward, and things look most promising. Before I went to Europe the last time, you advanced me one hundred on account ; these two pictures of Wood and Brainard leave therefore fifty dollars in my favor. How I hate money matters, and especially asking for money ; but the fact is I am just making up a little sum for a purpose, and therefore am picking up the odd crumbs that are lying around due me in the hands of my friends. Please send me a check for it, and if not too much trouble let it be on New York.

Should you visit New York you will of course come and see me. I have a beautiful studio, and am hard at work. Come on here, and take a turn with me around among the artists' studios.

With kind regards to Mrs. Dreer, yours always,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Philada., Dec. 28th, 1859.

My Dear Dreer : Your note in regard to the use of the portrait of Longfellow for engraving has been received. It would give me great pleasure to have this favorite portrait of mine engraved by my friend Sartain, but I have already furnished Ticknor & Co. with a photograph of my picture for the purpose of having it engraved for their blue and gold edition, and it is now being engraved in London.

Therefore you see it would scarcely be treating them with courtesy to allow it to be forestalled by another.

I have just seen the engraving of Mrs. Browning ; it is very satisfactory, though I think the eyes might be made a little more shadowy and the mouth a little more severe—not quite so sweet and smiling. I feel a good deal of interest in this portrait of Mrs. B., as it is one of the very few portraits for which the lady ever sat, and I consider it one of the best likenesses I have ever made.

Yours very truly,
T. BUCHANAN READ.

Philadelphia, March 2d, 1860.

T. Buchanan Read, Esq.

Dear Sir : Understanding that you are about to make a professional visit to Europe, taking London in your way, we gladly embrace the opportunity of commissioning and requesting you to paint a portrait of the Hon. George M. Dallas, our Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James.

We wish to secure for his country the best presentment of the man which your art can achieve, that it may be placed among the like memorials of the illustrious men of the nation.

We know of no head more worthy of a place in such a gallery than his ; and no hand more capable of performing the task than yours. There is, moreover, this special fitness and happy coincidence in a portrait of "Dallas by Read,"—both the subject and the artist are Pennsylvanians, and in time to come the most distinguished of our native citizens and the most eminent of our native artists will be perpetuated in the same picture.

(Your friends and fellow citizens.

I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to Mr. Read's excellence.

THOMAS SULLY.

C. MACALESTER,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT,
A. J. DREXEL,
ROBERT P. KANE,
CHAS. J. BIDDLE,
GEO. H. BOKER,
GEO. H. STUART,
GEO. W. CHILDS,

C. J. INGERSOLL,
WILLIAM B. REED,
GEO. SHARSWOOD,
ALEXANDER HENRY,
HENRY M. PHILLIPS,
RICHARD VAUX.
FERD. J. DREER.

Philadelphia, March 7, 1860.

Gentlemen : I fully appreciate the compliment contained in your flattering letter of the 2d inst.

For many years it has been my privilege to enjoy the friendship of Mr. Dallas, and, I assure you, nothing could afford me

greater pleasure than to aid in transmitting to posterity the features of one who holds so high a place in the hearts of his countrymen.

In accepting your commission, although fully sensible that you have over-rated my ability, I shall do my best to fulfil my duty as an artist. I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

To Messrs. THOS. SULLY, C. MACALESTER, C. J. INGERSOLL, and others.

34 Via Gregoriana, Rome, Dec. 15th, 1860.

My Dear Dreer : I fully intended to have written to you long ere this, but a press of all sorts of things has interfered ; besides, while in England, I postponed from week to week in order to have something more of interest to say, hoping that some of the worthies would consent to sit. However, you now have the first letter which I have written since our arrival in the "Eternal City." I waited in London a long time for Dickens to return from the country, hoping that I could bring influence to bear upon him, but he did not come, so I at last wrote him a most persuasive letter, which he immediately answered, and I enclose his reply to you, so that you can see his state of mind in regard to the "aforesaid" portrait. The fact is, men whose portraits are most desirable are almost impossible to get. They are beset with applications, and are compelled to decline from self-defence. An artist from Boston was in London at the same time that I was. He came with letters from all leading literary men there, with commissions to paint Tennyson, Carlyle and others, and was refused in a very blunt way. There is no rubbing out the fact that the English writers feel piqued at the Americans on account of the want of an international copyright, and they won't be mollified till we appease them with the all-mighty dollar. I was met upon all sides with this question, that if we thought so much of the English authors, as to want their portraits, etc., why did we not in the first place do them justice by paying them for their labors ? I made several replies to this. One was to remind them that several of their head men had made their reputations first in America ; that it was the echo of their fame created in our country which at last called attention to them in their own, etc. This they certainly ignore, although it is undeniable both in regard to Carlyle and Tennyson. There is no getting away from the fact, the English dislike us, are as jealous as they can be, and only care to use us as far as they can. Even our handsome treatment of the Prince

was ridiculed, and they regarded it as an evidence only that we are tired of our own institutions and would be but too glad to crawl back to the old state of things. Your thorough John Bull is a queer animal, with one love and two hates. He loves himself and hates France and America. But enough of that. I had a very pleasant time painting Dallas, and have succeeded in pleasing all who have seen it. Mr. Peabody I had more trouble with on account of his gout, and had irregular sittings, but still I got through, I think, satisfactorily. We arrived in Rome a couple of weeks since, and I have got to work here again, much to my satisfaction. I shall now go ahead with my compositions. Everything is quiet here, and probably will remain so. Mrs. Read joins me in kind regards to Mrs. Dreer. Remember me to all our mutual friends, and let me hear from you as often as you can. Yours always most truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

34 Via Gregoriana,

Rome, April 12th, 1861.

My Dear Harry : If you will look over all the letters you have ever received from me, you will find, I doubt not, that they begin always in the same way—i.e., with an apology. I am utterly ashamed of the fact, but fact it is. I therefore won't make any great preamble at present in that way, but simply own up once for all that I am a poor procrastinating wretch, and there is no help for it. There, for instance, is Claghorn up to his eyes in business, and yet he steals a few hours out of the only leisure he has, and writes me (undeserving as I am) nice long letters, to which I think I have replied, I believe, twice since leaving America ! In London, however, I was so be-deviled by old Peabody in endeavoring to get the necessary sittings that I was in no temper to write to any one, and since our arrival here I have worked like a plantation "nigger" in sugar-time. . . . The Harrisons arrived here on the 23d of March, and about ten days ago he insisted on my leaving off work, and taking holiday with him; so we have been sight-seeing and loafing among the studios pretty much ever since. I never saw him look so stout and well. . . . You naturally expect to hear me say something about our American affairs, knowing how difficult it is for an American to keep quiet on that subject, but for once I have nothing to say, except to express my mortification and to acknowledge that I do not look an European in the face with the same confidence I formerly did. It is very painful to hear the remarks common in every European mouth, and especially trying to receive their commiserations. In January, while there

was still hope of the Union, I wrote some verses entitled "A Vision in the Forum," in which I endeavored to draw the striking contrast between the cry for Union in Italy and the reverse in America, etc.

While my pride as an American is humbled at the thought of the rupture, my better judgment beholds the dawn of a brighter day than we have ever had growing out of the present darkness. The great silver bell of Truth, hung aloft in the Eternal Temple of God's Justice, is ringing solemnly over the land, at once the knell of a monstrous iniquity, and the jubilant announcement of the birth of a better time. Let the politicians patch and compromise as they may, or let them struggle hand to hand, they are but the blind pullers at the rope—the bell swings, and its incorruptible tongue proclaims the same thing ever. . . . At this point Mr. Harrison sent for me to go with him to the "Castle St. Angelo" and the "Palace of the Caesars," all of which we did yesterday afternoon. In the evening Rome was illuminated in honor of the Pope, or rather an attempt was made, but it was rather ghastly, not more than one house in three having lights out, and those probably more from fear than love to the present government. We are daily expecting something to "turn up," but we are quite in the dark as to the what and when. The Harrisons remain here until May, and then go North. I shall continue at work till midsummer, and then take a couple of months' recreation in the mountains somewhere. Now that the strangers are leaving Rome, I shall have more leisure to devote to correspondence, and shall try and make up for some of my past delinquencies. I had a pleasant letter from Dreer, but have not heard from Childs. I intend writing to Peacock and Charley Peterson, etc., and of course Claghorn. In the meantime, remember me to all our mutuals, and let me hear from you. Mrs. Read joins me in kind remembrances to yourself and Mrs. Townsend. Believe me yours always most truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Cincinnati, June 28th, 1862.

My Dear Dreer : The proofs of my new poem, "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies" are nearly completed, and I want you to aid me in completing some of the notes, as I cannot find the necessary material here. I have them ready up to note if you will do me a great favor by helping me out with the balance. The next I want I think you will find in "Watson Annals." "'Tis Lydia Darrach's faithful word" (8); please make a paragraph about her. The next is "The Meschianza" (9); you will

know where to find the description, but only give the striking points. "There rose a tumult wild without" (10); to illustrate this, I want a paragraph about McClean, the partisan leader, who, in a mad freak, startled the company at the banquet which followed the tournament. It is in Watson, I think. Then if in connection with these you could hunt me a few facts in regard to the baronial style in which some of the old Tories lived I would be greatly obliged.

Now this, I fear, is cutting you out a good deal of trouble, but I will endeavor to be even with you in some way. Besides, I don't know any one so well posted as yourself to whom I could apply.

My box of unfinished pictures has only just arrived; consequently I shall be detained here working till autumn.

Mrs. Carey was delighted with her call at your house. Yours always,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

P. S.—In connection with the "Meschianza," it would be well to add a paragraph about the banquet, or perhaps give it complete—that is, the description of the decorations, etc., gotten up by Andre.

At Murdoch's, July 14th, 1862.

My Dear Dreer : It is said toads have jewels in their heads; if so, I pity them—"poor dear little toads !" as our affectionate grandmothers used to say. I am up here nursing a precious jewel on the back of my head known as a carbuncle; and I don't know but that I have one or two more coming. If you see Claghorn, tell him of my affliction and enlist his sympathy. Murdoch is hammering away at a class of parsons and lawyers, teaching their young ideas how to shoot in elegant intonations. They are having a grand time.

I thank you a thousand times for your kindness in the note business; you have always stood up for me in that way. You know the Christian proverb, "Giving to the poor, etc." Now I want one more note. It is to illustrate this passage in the "Wagoner:"

"Brave Percy, when his charger stood first on the field of Brandywine."

It is a story told, I think, in Lossing, perhaps Watson. One or the other of them throws a doubt upon it, but don't you. Give supposed fact in a note; I will endorse it, and the public will honor it. You need not send it to me, but directly to Lippincott.

Yours in much suffering,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

P. S.—Murdoch sends his love; so does my wife.

Headquarters U. S. Paroled Forces,
Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 24th, 1862.

Dear Cyrus : I ought to have written to you before, but the fact is we have been so taken up with organizing new regiments out of the paroled prisoners that I have had no time except at night, and then I was so tired that I was only too glad to get to bed. Everything here was all in a mix, and we had to do very heavy work in order to bring order out of chaos. We have now got things pretty straight. You will see by the enclosed that I am to read on Thursday night for the benefit of the paroled prisoners. I shall probably read in Newark on Friday evening, and then will go down to Loveland to spend Sunday, and will come down to work on Monday. Love to all. Yours always,

READ.

Cincinnati, Feb. 8th, 1863.

My Dear Dreer : I received your kind invitation to your "Union Club." Sorry I could not be with you in body, as I am with you always in spirit in the "Union Cause." This letter will introduce to you my friend Col. Guthrie, who comes to you with a purpose which he will explain.

Suffice it to say that it is all right, and I hope you will co-operate against treason and Copperheads.

Yours always,
T. BUCHANAN READ.

Headquarters Army of Ky.,
18th February, 1863.

T. Buchanan Read.

Dear Sir : Major General Rosecrans is desirous of having you visit his headquarters and army at Murfreesborough to make known to his officers and men the successful result yourself and confreres have accomplished in your glorious enterprise for preserving the Union, and putting down the rebellion.

You will please report for duty on my staff as early as possible, and accompany me to Tennessee.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servt.,

G. GRANGER,
Maj. Genrl., Cavalry.

State of Indiana, Executive Department,
Indianapolis, Feb. 28th, 1863.

Major Thomas Buchanan Read.

Dear Sir : As you are about to visit the troops in the Department of the Cumberland, and will probably see most of the officers and men of the army serving under General Rosecrans, I beg you will say to them, should opportunity offer, a word of good cheer and kindly greeting in my behalf, assuring them of my deep solicitude for their welfare and for the success of the great cause in which they are engaged. I would have these brave men, who have already sacrificed so much, and whose lives are devoted to the honor and interest of our beloved country, know that, despite the efforts of traitorous sympathizers, they are not forgotten by the honest and loyal people of Indiana, who are determined that the army of the Union shall be sustained through all vicissitudes and at all hazards.

Wishing you a safe and pleasant journey, I am, dear sir,
Very sincerely yours,

O. P. MORTON.

State of Indiana, Executive Department,
Indianapolis, Feb. 28th, 1863.

To whom it may concern :

The bearer hereof, Captain Thomas Buchanan Read, is the duly authorized agent of this Department to visit the Indiana regiments in the army of the Cumberland for the purpose of looking after the wants and interests and especially for the purpose of ascertaining the condition and needs of the sick and wounded. I respectfully ask of the military authorities that Capt. Read may be passed, and that such facilities and assistance may be afforded him as he may require. Any favor shown him will be appreciated by me.

O. P. MORTON,
Governor of Indiana.

Headquarters Dept. of the Cumberland,
Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 17th, 1863.

T. B. Read, Esq.

Dear Sir : I cannot consent that you shall leave this army without expressing for myself the sentiments of gratitude and

admiration for you which I know are shared by all the officers and men who have enjoyed the pleasure of hearing your patriotic words, and have listened to the beautiful rendering of your still more beautiful poems. In olden days the love of military glory inspired the soldier—now a higher and holier feeling of love of country, and the sacred symbol of freedom, our starry banner, inspire brave men in the great struggle for national life. To increase this inspiration and give it new power and beauty your labors are of the greatest value. God bless and keep you to see the happy days of the Republic return.

Ever your friend,

J. A. GARFIELD,

Brig. Gen. Vols.

Cincinnati, Nov. 9th, 1863.

My Dear Mr. Drake : I have just had the pleasure of reading your noble speeches which you have been so kind as to mail to me—"The Wrongs to Missouri's Loyal People," "The Address of the Chairman of the Delegation" and the "Speech Delivered in the Court-house."

I need say nothing more than that I fully sympathize with all your views, and am proud to own that I have been instructed by your clear elucidation of the whole matter. I thank you from my heart, as do all the loyal American people for the noble stand you have taken in this our hour of peril. Stand to the helm of our good ship Missouri, for much depends upon her being safely anchored in the haven of the old Union. I have done the little I could in this State to defeat the traitor Vallandigham, and thanks to a patriotic people we have doomed him to remain in exile—Gloria in excelsis. I shall always be glad to hear of your movements and to read anything of yours you may be pleased to send.

Believe me yours most truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Cincinnati, May 26th, 1865.

My Dear Read : A thousand thanks for your kind attention while in the city. Should you make up your mind to join me, I will be very happy. Your genius has put us in the same boat for a long journey, and we must try and take along the black horse. Yours truly,

PHIL. H. SHERIDAN.

T. Buchanan Read.

Headquarters New Orleans,

August 9th, 1865.

My Dear Read : The book came to hand duly, and will forever be appreciated for its value and as a gift from you. I enclosed the communication from Gov. Morton endorsed. Get Rome ; Brazil is a horrible place. I have been much pained by that article in "Harper" for August ; it almost makes me a ruffian.

I have made use of imprecation on men going to the rear in battle and have ridden over many of them, but it was under the transformation which comes over me when the lives of men are being lost. This is not my ordinary character. This article has given me great pain.

Come down this winter, if you do not go off. The latch-string is out for you. Yours truly and in haste,

PHIL. H. SHERIDAN.

Rome, Feb. 14th, 1868.

My Dear Harry : This being Valentine's day I determined to drop you this little missive, to let you know that in imagination I am singing affectionately "Under Your Window." Claghorn of course has told you about us, etc., etc. Well, we got here in October, just in the midst of the war excitement, all of which Dan. Dougherty can vividly describe to you, as he was here at the time, and we were much together, and we enjoyed having him here more than he suspects. Remember us most kindly to the aforesaid orator, and tell him not to forget that Sunday in the Coliseum. We were no sooner domiciled here than I went to work, progressed largely with my new poem, and pitched into paint, regardless of expense ; surprised myself, and more than surprised my friends (you see how it is ; I am compelled into seeming vanity because you have no one else to tell you), and have a studio full of pictures, the most of which I have already sold, although few are entirely finished. You will be glad to know that I get what would be thought by some high prices. The selling season has only just begun, and I have negotiated already to finish work. . . .

I hope soon to send you some photographs of my works. My largest picture is the "Spirit of the Rainbow," sort of companion to the "Waterfall." This last is thus far the principal sensation in my studio. It is about the size of the "Waterfall." . . . The only holiday I have had was last week. We ran down in company with the Jessups to see

Vesuvius, and it was fine. We went up to the burning lava, and had a smell of the place you hear profanely spoken of ! Descended by moonlight, over fields of still smoking lava, and were romantically attended by guitar and vocal music. So much for so much. An edition of my poems, or rather a selection is to be published by Tauchnitz at Leipzig. . . .

Well, with love to you and yours, and our mutuals, especially James L——, and wishing to hear from you soon, I am, as always, your devoted,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Rome, April 15th, 1868.

My Dear Read: I was sorry not to find you in this afternoon. The "Spirit of the Mist" greeted me, however. Do not touch it again : it is full of poetry, full of fine color and drawing, and will increase your reputation. Why can't you send it to England, and show them what poets we have who wield the brush as well as the pen ? I am sure you would be appreciated there although I want our own people to possess all the fine pictures that are produced. I have been trying to remember among the ancient and modern artists those who have not always painted the nude without betraying something to disturb your feelings of propriety. I can recall none who have painted with that absolute delicacy and refinement that you do. I wish I was in a situation to possess that picture myself. If I am ever able to finish the collection that I have commenced I shall invoke the aid of your "Spirit." But all this is not about business. Can't you call around this evening and finish our talk about that matter in England ? Yours truly,

A. BIERSTADT.

Kennett Square,

March 10th, 1869.

My Dear Read: This is the second time I have commenced to write to you, and I hope I shall now succeed in getting off a letter. I attended to your request at once and presume you have been regularly receiving the "Tribune," as Mr. Young, the managing editor, was very willing to send it. The club was a good idea.

You have a better American society in Rome this winter than we can find anywhere at home. If we could have foreseen it, I think we should have postponed our European trip for a year.

We have been staying quietly here, in the country all the time, enjoying it more than ever before.

I have also done a great deal of work, and feel the fresher and stronger for it. My translation of "Faust" is going on rapidly. I have commenced a new novel, and have written several short stories and poems. I see Boker from time to time. He thinks of going to Europe this year; so you may see him in Rome in the fall. He has a new volume in the press, "Konigsmarke, the Legend of the Hounds, and other Poems." My "Byways of Europe" will be published to-day or to-morrow in New York and London.

The great literary event is Browning's "Ring and Book," which I think one of the most wonderful poems ever written. You see I have not much news to send—am, in fact, too much of a recluse, and a working-bee withal, to feel the currents of restless American life. You have your own delightful circle in Rome, with Longfellow, Appleton, the Grahams, McEntees, Launt Thompson, etc., etc., added this winter, and I suppose there is really little going on here which would have interest for you.

My wife joins me in love to Mrs. Read and yourself, and you must not forget to give a friendly greeting to Francesco. Here comes my darkey to take this to the mail; so good-bye and God bless you!

Always faithfully yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Rome, May 10th, 1869.

My Dear Claghorn: Although you owe me a letter, I still consider that I have not done my duty in not writing to you more frequently; but if you could look in and see the amount of work I have done—large and small—and could see the amount of poetry I have written, etc., you would not wonder that letters were neglected. I have written to Harry several times, chiefly on business, etc. I enclose you a poor photograph of "Sheridan's Ride," taken from one of the small studies—it gives no idea of the large one, which "takes the shine" out of anything I have done on canvas. It will now very soon be completed—it is about 10 feet by 13. The chromo is being made in Brussels, and is to be 20x25 inches, and a perfect imitation of the oil picture I send. I expect to make some money off the chromo; and it will not be the fault of the subject if I do not. The large picture ought to be exhibited in all the cities, and the chromo for sale everywhere. The exhibition would be the best advertisement the

chromo could have, and would at least pay its own expenses. Church, who has just been in to see the large Sheridan, speaks most enthusiastically about it, and says that there is no reason why the exhibition should not be a great success; and he has written to his agent, Mr. Knoedler, about it. Knoedler, I understand, is anxious to get hold of it. The chances to make money out of this picture and the chromo are too large to let go by without proper attention. I enclose you some letters endorsing the work—especially the one from Col. Kip, who was on the General's staff for three years, and was with him on the "Ride," is valuable. I have painted him a small one the size of the chromo. The large picture will be shipped, along with a box of others, about the first of July. It may be necessary for me to come home and see the affair put into shape, but I hope not, as I have so much to do. Hattie says that she sent you Church and Rogers' letters about the "Ride;" therefore I only enclose Kip's letter. On account of work we shall probably remain here till August. It is delightfully cool, and the weather altogether is delicious. We now have Rome pretty much to ourselves. There have been more Philadelphians than usual here this winter. With much love to Julia and yourself, in which Hattie joins, believe me, as ever, affectionately yours,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

P. S.—Harrison has never answered my letter.

P. S.—I wrote to Harry to have the chromo copyrighted; the photograph ought to be copyrighted also, otherwise there is nothing to hinder people from making copies of it of various sizes, all of which would interfere with the sale. Please ask him to look after this. I beg of you not to judge of the picture by the photograph I send you. However, if you will have this one mounted, it will look better than it does now, with all the wrinkles in it. Your friend Dewey had the "Ride" I painted for him magnificently framed, with national emblems carved overhead, and the poem and the author's bas-relief likeness on a large gold tablet below. It is now on exhibition at Bowler Bros. in Paris. Doll, of Boston, would be a good man to take hold of the exhibition of the large picture and sale of photographs. I wrote him, but got no reply. If anything strikes you that would further the cause, please let me know.

Yours,

READ.

Rome, March 5th, 1869.

My Dear Sir: Upon the completion of "Sheridan's Ride," please forward it to Paris, care of Munroe & Co. In this connec-

tion allow me to express my great satisfaction with this picture. Aside from its artistic merit, I consider it a most excellent likeness of my late "Chief" and a faithful representation of his favorite horse. You have expressed on canvas all the life and fire he displayed upon the day he took his celebrated "Ride," when he turned defeat into victory and closed the war in Western Virginia.

I remain yours very truly,

LAWRENCE KIP.

To Mr. T. Buchanan Read.

Rheims, France, September 8th, 1870.

My Dear Buchanan Read : Your kind letter of Aug. 28th reached me to-day. I plead guilty to the serious charges you make against me, and humbly beg pardon, which I offer as my excuse. I believe I have made many of my best friends angry by my almost criminal neglect in answering their letters. . . . I hope to see you in Rome, before my return to the United States, and to personally make my peace with you for my neglect. I cannot tell exactly when I will be in Rome, but if this campaign continues as rapidly in the future as it has so far, it must soon terminate. The French have been beaten in every engagement from Weisenbourg to Sedan, where I witnessed the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon. The French have been out-generaled, their troops defeated in every battle, and there is nothing left except the siege of Paris, which does not save France. I do not wish to say anything against the fighting qualities of the French soldiers, but in this contest they have been so badly handled by their commanders that the poor fellows saw there was no possible equivalent for the losses they were sustaining, and perhaps on this account did not, on some occasions which I witnessed, do as well as they should have done. I have been at the King of Prussia's headquarters since the 19th of August, and have had every kindness and politeness shown to me. I cannot speak of the present position or condition of the Prussian army, and no doubt you have been fully informed by the press of all movements up to the present time. I can tell you much about America, of friends, and of your native city, Cincinnati, when we meet, which I hope will be soon. Make my kind regards to Mrs. Read. Yours truly,

SHERIDAN.

Florence, January 26th, 1871.

My Dear Read : Your letter of the 22d came to hand yesterday. Jackson seems to have been, as all couriers are, a little officious about the tickets, etc. I had directed him to charge to my account all those matters, but he did not do so; but it has been done, and return the check for you to destroy. I will not listen to anything else. I am glad to learn that you are all right again. We have heard of you from mutual friends almost every day.

After coming here I dipped into a round of dissipation in the way of dinners, parties, receptions, etc., which has consumed every moment of my time and given me but little sleep, and as a consequence we have seen but little of ancient or modern art. Everybody has been very kind here, as elsewhere, and my life has been very happy. The King has been kind, giving us a warm interview, handsome dinner, and a nice hunt at San Rossore to-day, in which Graham, Wurtz, Forsyth and myself diminished the number of bucks in his park to the number of eleven—not one escaped.

I hope, dear Read, to hear from you often, and, when I get home or settled down, will try and do better in letter-writing than heretofore. Please give my love to Mrs. Laing, Mrs. Read, and do not forget my love for that dear little woman Miss Brewster. Forsyth wants to be counted in also.

Yours truly,

SHERIDAN.

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